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THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R.

Translated by
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

V O L. V.

Sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

VIRG.

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THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





THE ARGUMENT.

The seventh battel, for the body of *Patroclus*:
The acts of *Menelaus*.

MENELAUS, upon the death of *Patroclus*, defends his body from the enemy: *Euphorbus* who attempts it, is slain. *Hector* advancing, *Menelaus* retires; but soon returns with *Ajax*, and drives him off. This *Glaucus* objects to *Hector* as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from *Patroclus*, and renews the battel. The Greeks give way, till *Ajax* rallies them: *Aeneas* slays the Trojans. *Aeneas* and *Hector* attempt the chariot of *Achilles*, which is borne off by *Automedon*. The horses of *Achilles* deplore the loss of *Patroclus*: *Jupiter* covers his body with a thick darkness: The noble prayer of *Ajax* on that occasion. *Menelaus* sends *Antilochus* to *Achilles*, with the news of *Patroclus*'s death: Then returns to the fight, where, though attack'd with the utmost fury, he and *Meriones*, assisted by the *Ajaxes*, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day.
The scene lies in the fields before *Troy*.

THE



Patroclus being kill'd, & stript of Achilles's armour, & both Sides having a long time fought for his Body the Greeks at length carry it off, while the two Ajaxes courageously sustain the Efforts of the Trojans. B 37.

ving a long time
the two Ajaxes



THE
* SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

ON the cold earth divine *Patroclus* spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar
dead.

Great

* This is the only book of the *Iliad*, which is a continued description of a battle, without any digression or episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. *Homer* seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever lengths he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my hands; that, though I can't think my author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the version consists but of sixty-five lines more than the original.

A 3

However,

Great *Menelaüs*, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
 Thus round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves, 5
 Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves,
 And

However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents, in this battel, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the *Greeks* and *Trojans* were upon equal terms, before the return of *Achilles*: And besides, all this serves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

V. 3. *Great Menelaüs*——] The poet here takes occasion to clear *Menelaus* from the imputations of idle and effeminate, cast on him in some Parts of the Poem; he sets him in the front of the army, exposing himself to dangers in defending the body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the conquest of *Euphorbus*, who had the first hand in his death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cause. *Eustathius*. See the Note on v. 271. of the third book.

V. 5. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] In this comparison, as *Eustathius* has very well observed, the Poet accommodating himself to the occasion, means only to describe the affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he presented himself to defend his body: And this comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of goodness and mildness. He must have little sense or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppress'd. It is true, we should not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but those not being the ideas of *Homer's* time, they could not hinder him from making a proper use of such a comparison. *Dacier*.

V. id. *Thus round her new-fall'n young, &c.*] It seems to me remarkable, that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for *Patroclus* are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature. *Achilles*, in the beginning of the sixteenth book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of *Menelaus* is here described as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are design'd to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of *Patroclus*, which is express'd in that fine elogy of him in this book, v. 671.

Πᾶσι

And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
 Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
 Oppos'd to each that near the carcass came,
 His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame. 10
 The son of *Panthus* skill'd the dart to send,
 Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
 This hand, *Atrides*, laid *Patroclus* low ;
 Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow :
 To me the spoils my prowess won, resign ; 15
 Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἐπέαδ' ἐμίλχ' εἶναι, He knew how to be good-natur'd to all men. This gave all mankind these sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body.

The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very observable: Such friendships are not uncommon, and I have often assigned this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves. That is still better if applied to providence, which associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, *Homer* had a good poetical reason for it; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly; and is what they call a contrasste in painting.

V. 11. *The son of Panthus.*] The conduct of *Homer* is admirable, in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this occasion; for hardly any thing but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made *Euphorbus* stand the encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the finest answers in all *Homer*; in which the insolence of *Menelaus* is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after such a speech, that would not wish *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus*: A writer of Romances would not have failed to have given *Euphorbus* the victory. But however, it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had received the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions.

The *Trojan* thus: the *Spartan* monarch burn'd
 With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd.
 Laugh'st thou not, *Jove!* from thy superior throne,
 When mortals boast of prowess not their own? 20
 Not thus the lion glories in his might,
 Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
 Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
 Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
 But far the vainest of the boastful kind 25
 These sons of *Panthus* vent their haughty mind.
 Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel
 This boaster's brother, *Hyperenor*, fell,
 Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride. 30
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
 Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
 Go, wait thy brother to the *Stygian* gloom;
 Or while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate; 35
 Fools stay to feel it, and, are wise too late.

Unmov'd, *Euphorbus* thus: That action known,
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own,
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed. 40
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
 To sooth a consort's and a parent's woe.

No.

No longer then defer the glorious strife,
 Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.
 Swift as the word the missile lance he flings, 45
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
 But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
 On *Jove* the father, great *Atrides* calls,
 Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his throat, and beat him to the plain: 50
 Wide thro' the neck appears the grisly wound,
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,
 Which ev'n the *Graces* might be proud to wear,
 Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore, 55
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
 As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
 Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,

Lifts

V. 55. *Instarr'd with gems and gold.*] We have seen here a Trojan who used gold and silver to adorn his hair; which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that used those ornaments. *Est quidem apud eundem [Homerum] virorum criminibus aurum implexum, ideo nescio an prior usus à fœminis cœperit,* lib. 33. cap. 1. He might likewise have strengthened his doubt by the custom of the *Athenians*, who put into their hair little grasshoppers of gold. *Dacier.*

V. 57. *As the young olive, &c.*] This exquisite simile finely illustrates the beauty and sudden fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the allusion to that circumstance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. *Porphyry* and *Jamblicus* acquaint us of the particular affection *Pythagoras* had for these verses, which he set to the harp, and used to repeat as his own *Epicædion*. Perhaps it was his fondness of them, which put it into his head to say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in antiquity,

A 5

Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
 And plays and dances to the gentle air ; 60
 When lo ! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades ;
 It lies up-rooted from its genial bed,
 A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
 Thus young, thus beautiful *Euphorbus* lay, 65
 While the fierce *Spartan* tore his arms away.
 Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
 Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies :
 Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
 The village curs, and trembling swains retire ; 70
 When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
 And see his jaws distil with smoking gore ;
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound.
 Meanwhile *Apollo* view'd with envious eyes, 75
 And urg'd great *Hector* to dispute the prize,

tiquity, and has given occasion to a dialogue in *Lucian* intitled *The Cock*, which is, I think, the finest piece of that author.

V. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only *Trojan* whose death the Poet laments, that he might do the more honour to *Patroclus*, his hero's friend. The comparison here used is very proper, for the olive always preserves its beauty. But where the Poet speaks of the *Lapithæ*, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *Oaks*, that stand unmoved in storms and tempests ; and where *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* struck down by *Jove's* thunder. Just after this soft comparison upon the beauty of *Euphorbus*, he passes to another full of strength and terror, that of the lion. *Eustatbius*.

(In

(In *Mentes*' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the trade of war)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' courfers of æthereal race ; 80

They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great *Achilles*' hand.

Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave *Euphorbus* slain!
By *Sparta* slain! for ever now supprest 85
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, *Apollo* wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great *Hector*'s soul: Thro' all the war 90

He darts his anxious eye; and instant, view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd;
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in his victor's hands the shining prey.

Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies, 95
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by *Vulcan* sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.

Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind. 100

Then shall I quit *Patroclus* on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?

Desert:

Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
 Or singly, *Hector*, and his troops attend?
 Sure where such partial favours heav'n bestow'd. 105
 To brave the hero were to brave the God:
 Forgive me, *Greece*, if once I quit the field:
 'Tis not to *Hector*, but to heav'n, I yield.
 Yet, nor the God, nor heav'n, should give me fear,
 Did but the voice of *Ajax* reach my ear: 110
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give *Achilles* all that yet remains
 Of his and our *Patroclus*——This, no more,
 The time allow'd: *Troy* thicken'd on the shore,
 A sable scene! The terrors *Hector* led. 115
 Slow he recedes, and fighting, quits the dead.
 So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
 Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;

V. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How observable is Homer's art of illustrating the valour and glory of his heroes? *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the Trojans rushing upon him, would not retire if *Apollo* did not support them; and though *Apollo* does support them, he would oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*. *Dacier, Eustathius.*

V. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy notice. *Homer* is a great observer of natural imagery, that brings the thing represented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tigers, and beasts of prey are the only objects that can properly represent warriors; and therefore it is no wonder they are so often introduced: The inanimate things, as floods, fires, and storms, are the best, and only images of battles.

He

He flies indeed; but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes. 120

Now enter'd in the *Spartan* ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And thro' the cloud the god-like *Ajax* knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood, 125

All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the God of day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the King. Oh *Ajax*, oh my friend;
Haste, and *Patroclus*' lov'd remains defend: 130

The body to *Achilles* to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;
And *Hector* glories in the dawning prize.

He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair 135
Fierce the thick battel, and provoke the war.

Already had stern *Hector* seiz'd his head;
And doom'd to *Trojan* dogs th' unhappy dead;

V. 137. *Already had stern Hector, &c.* Homer takes care, so long before-hand, to lessen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that *Achilles* will exercise upon the body of *Hector*. That cruelty will be only the punishment of this which *Hector* here exercises upon the body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he designs to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, exposed to dogs and birds of prey. *Eustathius*.

But

14 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XVII.

But soon as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'r-like shield,
 Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field. 140
 His train to *Troy* the radiant armour bear,
 To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great *Ajax* (his broad shield display'd)
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
 And now before, and now behind he stood: 145
 Thus in the center of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lions' surrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs. 150
 Fast by his side, the gen'rous *Spartan* glows
 With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But *Glaucus*, leader of the *Lycian* aids,
 On *Hector* frowning, thus his slight upbraids.
 Where now in *Hector* shall we *Hector* find? 155
 A manly form, without a manly mind.
 Is this, O Chief! a hero's boasted fame?
 How vain, without the merit, is the name?
 Since battel is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
 What other methods may preserve thy *Troy*: 260
 'Tis time to try if *Ilion's* state can stand
 By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
 Mean, empty boast! but shall the *Lycians* stake
 Their lives for you? those *Lycians* you forsake?

BOOK XVII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 15

What from thy thankless arms can we expect ! 165
 Thy friend *Sarpedon* proves thy base neglect :
 Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
 While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls?
 Ev'n where he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,
 A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170
 On my command if any *Lycian* wait,
 Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to fate.
 Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
 Impel one *Trojan* hand, or *Trojan* heart ;
 (Such, as shou'd burn in ev'ry soul, that draws 175
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
 Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
 And drag yon' carcase to the walls of *Troy*.
 Oh ! were *Patroclus* ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again ! 180
Greece with *Achilles'* friend should be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
 But words are vain——Let *Ajax* once appear,
 And *Hector* trembles and recedes with fear ;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye ; 185
 And lo ! already thou prepar'st to fly.

[V. 169. *You left him there A prey to dogs.*] It was highly dishonourable in *Hector* to forsake the body of a friend and guest, and against the laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *hospitalis*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon's* being honoured with burial by the Gods, and sent embalmed into *Lycia*. *Eustathius*.

The

The *Trojan* chief with fix'd resentment ey'd.
 The *Lycian* leader, and sedate reply'd.
 Say, is it just (my friend) that *Hector's* ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear? 190
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
 I shun great *Ajax*? I desert my train?
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
 I joy to mingle where the battel bleeds, 195
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
 But *Jove's* high will is ever uncontroll'd;
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow! 200
 Come, thro' you' squadrons let us hew the way,
 And thou be witness, if I fear to day;
 If yet a *Greek* the fight of *Hector* dread,
 Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
 Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries, 205
 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*, and *Allies*!
 Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
 And yet be mindful of your ancient fame:

V. 193. *I shun great Ajax?*] *Hector* takes no notice of the affronts that *Glaucus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some respect a just cause to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had said of his fearing *Ajax*, to which part he only replies: This is very agreeable to his heroic character. *Eustathius*.

Hector in proud *Achilles'* arms shall shine,
 Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine. 210
 He strode along the field, as thus he said :
 ('The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
 Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look ;
 One instant saw, one instant overtook
 The distant band, that on the sandy shore 215
 The radiant spoils to sacred *Ilion* bore.

V. 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine.*] The ancients have observed that *Homer* causes the arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector's* power, to equal in some sort those two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urged, that *Achilles* could not have killed *Hector* without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas *Hector's* was only of the hand of a mortal ; but since both were clad in armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles's* victory will be complete, and in its full lustre. Besides this reason (which is for necessity and probability) there is also another, for ornament ; for *Homer* here prepares to introduce that beautiful Episode of the divine armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

V. 216. *The radiant arms to sacred Ilion bore.*] A difficulty may arise here, and the question may be asked why *Hector* sent these arms to *Troy*? Why did not he take them at first? There are three answers, which I think are all plausible. The first, that *Hector* having killed *Patroclus*, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take those arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to *Eriam* and *Andromache* those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some temple. *Glaucus's* speech makes him change his resolution, he runs after those arms to fight against *Ajax*, and to win *Patroclus's* body from him. *Dacier*.

Homer (says *Eustathius*) does not suffer the arms to be carried into *Troy* for these reasons. That *Hector* by wearing them might the more encourage the *Trojans*, and be the more formidable to the *Greeks* : That *Achilles* may recover them again when he kills *Hector* : And that he may conquer him, even when he is strengthened with that divine armour.

There

There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd ;

His train to *Troy* convey'd the massy load.

Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,

The work and present of celestial hands ;

220

By aged *Peleus* to *Achilles* given,

As first to *Peleus* by the court of heav'n :

His father's arms not long *Achilles* wears,

Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,

225

The God whose thunder rends the troubled air,

Beheld with pity ; as apart he sate,

And conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.

He shook the sacred honours of his head ;

Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said :

230

Ah wretched man ! unmindful of thy end !

A moment's glory, and what fates attend ?

V. 231. *Jupiter's speech to Hector.*] The poet prepares us for the death of *Hector*, perhaps to please the *Greek* readers, who might be troubled to see him shining in their hero's arms. Therefore *Jupiter* expresses his sorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate Prince, promises to repay his loss of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He says, *Achilles* is the bravest *Greek*, as *Glaucus* had just said before ; the Poet thus giving him the greatest commendations, by putting his praise in the mouth of a God, and of an Enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. *Eustatbius.*

How beautiful is that sentiment upon the miserable state of mankind, introduced here so artfully, and so strongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the supreme being ! And how pathetic the denunciation of *Hector's* death, by that circumstance of *Andromache's* disappointment, when she shall no more receive her hero glorious from the battel, in the armour of his conquered enemy !

In

In heav'nly Panoply divinely bright
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
 As at *Achilles* self! beneath thy dart 235
 Lies slain the great *Achilles*' dearer part:
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
 A blaze of glory e'er thou fad'st away. 240
 For ah! no more *Andromache* shall come,
 With joyful tears to welcome *Hector* home;
 No more officious, with endearing charms,
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace *Pelides*' arms!
 Then with his fable brow he gave the Nod, 245
 That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
 The stubborn arms (by *Jove's* command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
 Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
 Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew, 250
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
 And *Mars* himself came rushing on his soul.

V. 247. *The stubborn arms, &c.*] The words are,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσιν νῦν Κροτίων,
 Ἐκτορι δ' ἥρμους τρύχε' ἐπὶ χροί.

If we give ἥρμους a passive signification, it will be, the arms fitted *Hector*; but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater difference between *Hector* and *Achilles*) then it belongs to *Jupiter*: and the sense will be, *Jupiter* made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have chosen the last as the more poetical sense.

Exhorting

Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, *Achilles*, or a God.
 Now *Mesthles*, *Glaucus*, *Mædon* he inspires, 255
 Now *Phorcys*, *Chromius*, and *Hippothous* fires;
 The great *Thersites* like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
 And *Ennomus*, in augury renown'd.
 Hear all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands 260
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
 Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
 To save our present, and our future race. 265
 For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
 And glean the relics of exhausted *Troy*.
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die or conquer, are the terms of war.

V. 260. *Unnumber'd bands Of neighbouring nations.* *Eustathius* has very well explained the artifice of this speech of *Hector*, who indirectly answers all *Glaucus's* investives, and humbles his vanity. *Glaucus* had just spoken as if the *Lycians* were the only allies of *Troy*; and *Hector* here speaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expressly designs by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in some manner, to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* said, "that if the *Lycians* would take his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them to understand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. *Dacier*.

Whatever

Whatever hand shall win *Patroclus* slain, 270

Whoe'er shall drag him to the *Trojan* train,

With *Hector*'s self shall equal honours claim;

With *Hector* part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they pretend their spears; 275

Full on the *Greeks* they drive in firm array,

And each from *Ajax* hopes the glorious prey:

Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,

What victims perish round the mighty dead?

Great *Ajax* mark'd the growing storm from far, 280
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)

And all our wars and glories at an end!

'Tis not this cost alone we guard in vain,

Condemn'd to vulturs on the *Trojan* plain; 285

We too must yield: The same sad fate must fall

On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.

See what a tempest direful *Hector* spreads,

And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!

Call on our *Greeks*, if any hear the call, 290

The bravest *Greeks*: This hour demands them all.

V. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] *Eustathius* gives three reasons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their assistance; instead of calling them himself. He might be ashamed to do it, lest it should look like fear, and turn to his dishonour: Or the chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus*: Or he had too much business of the war upon his hands, and wanted leisure more than the other.

The

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.
 Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is giv'n
 The rule of men; whose glory is from heav'n! 295
 Whom with due honours both *Atrides* grace:
 Ye guides and guardians of our *Argive* race!
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
 All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war,
 Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ, 309
 And save *Patroclus* from the dogs of *Troy*.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
 Next him *Idomeneus*, more slow with age,
 And *Merion*, burning with a hero's rage. 305
 The long succeeding numbers who can name?
 But all were *Greeks*, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great *Hector* led the throng;
 Whole *Troy* embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
 Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves, 310
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,

V. 302. *Oilean Ajax first.*] *Ajax Oileus* (says *Eusebius*) is the first that comes, being brought by his love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the assistance of another: To which we may add, he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the heroes.

The

BOOK XVII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 23

The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm *Achaian* band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors shining helms in Night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend, 320
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a Friend;
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the *Grecians* scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the *Trojans* seize the slain: 325
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of *Ajax Telamon*
(*Ajax* to *Peleus'* son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore; 330
So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.

V. 318. *Jove pouring darkness.*] *Homer*, who in all his former descriptions of battels is so fond of mentioning the lustre of the arms, here shades them in darkness; perhaps alluding to the clouds of dust that were raised; or to the throng of combatants: or else to denote the loss of *Greece* in *Patroclus*; or lastly, that as the heavens had mourned *Sarpedon* in showers of blood, so they might *Patroclus* in clouds of darkness. *Eustatius*.

The

The son of *Letbus*, brave *Pelasgus*' heir,
Hippobous, dragg'd the carcase thro' the war ; 335
 The finewy aneles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound :
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;
 Doom'd by great *Ajax*' vengeful lance to bleed ;
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain ; 340
 The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain ;
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground :
 The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound ;
 He drops *Patroclus*' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead : 345
 Far from *Larissa* lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell.
 Once more at *Ajax*, *Hector*'s jav'lin flies ; 350
 The *Grecian* marking as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death ; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great *Ipbytus*' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the *Phocian* kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind : 355
 In little *Panope* for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd

V. 356. *Panope* renown'd.] *Panope* was a small town twenty stadia from *Chæronea*, on the side of mount *Parnassus*, and it is hard

Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing, thro' the shoulder stood;
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all 360
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phercys, as slain *Hippothous* he defends,
 The *Telamonian* lance his belly rends;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
 And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke. 365
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the fight, recede the *Trojan* train:
 The shouting *Argives* strip the heroes slain.
 And now had *Troy*, by *Greece* compell'd to yield, 370
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
 With *Jove* averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
 But *Phæbus* urg'd *Æneas* to the fight;
 He seem'd like aged *Periphas* to fight: 375

hard to know why *Homer* gives it the epithet of *venous'd*, and makes it the residence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in short that ought to have been in a town which is the residence of a King. *Pausanias* (in *Phocic.*) gives the reason of it; he says, that as *Phocis* was expos'd on that side to the inroads of the *Bæotians*, *Schedius* made use of *Panope* as a sort of citadel, or place of arms. *Dacier.*

V. 375. *He seem'd like aged Periphas.*] The speech of *Periphas* to *Æneas* hints at the double fate, and the necessity of means. It is much like that of *St. Paul*, after he was promised, that no body should perish; he says, *except these abide, ye cannot be saved.*

26 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. Book XVII.

(A herald in *Anchises'* love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence, bold.)

Thus he——what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save your *Troy*, tho' heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care, 380
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when *Jove* declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars, 385
Your shameful efforts 'gainst your selves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin *Troy*.

Aeneas thro' the form assum'd describes
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to *Hector* cries.
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey, 390
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, *Jove* asserts the *Trojan* arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hosts pursue. 395
Then first, *Leocritus* beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomedes*;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest, 400
Descends, and pants in *Apisaon's* breast:

From rich *Pæonia's* vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, *Asteropus!* in place and fame.
Asteropus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combate, but he rush'd in vain: 405
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the *Grecians* stood;
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
 Great *Ajax* eyes them with incessant care, 410
 And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:
 Fixt on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
 A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground; 415
 On heaps the *Greeks*, on heaps the *Trojans* bled,
 And thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.
 Greece, in close order, and collected might,
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
 Fierce as conflicting fires, the combate burns, 420
 And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
 The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host
 Seem'd

V. 422. *In one thick darkness; &c.*] The darkness spread over the body of *Patroclus* is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of *Jupiter's* love to a righteous man: But the chief design is to protract the action; which, if the *Trojans* had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other

28 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XVII.

Seem'd as extinct; day ravish'd from their eyes,
 And all heav'n's splendors blotted from the skies. 425
 Such o'er *Patraclus*' body hung the Night,
 The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
 Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled. 435

Meanwhile the sons of *Nestor*, in the rear,
 (Their fellows routed) tofs the distant spear,
 And skirmish wide: So *Nestor* gave command,
 When from the ships he sent the *Pylian* band.
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, 440
 Nor knew the fortune of *Achilles*' friend;
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to *Troy*.

in a very short time. Besides, the *Trojans* having the better in the action, must have seized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in *Homer*.

V. 436. *Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear, &c.*] It is not without reason *Homer* in this place makes particular mention of the sons of *Nestor*. It is to prepare us against he sends one of them to *Achilles*, to tell him the death of his friend.

But

But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death : 445
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er ;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their
eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide, 450
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour 'o'er,
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore ;
So tugging round the corps both armies flood ;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood : 455
While *Greeks* and *Ilions* equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to *Troy*.
Not *Pallas*' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,

V. 450. *As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] *Homer* gives us a most lively description of their drawing the body on all sides, and instructs in the ancient manner of stretching hides, being first made soft and supple with oil. And tho' this comparison be one of those mean and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the imagination the most strong and exact idea of the subject in hand. *Eustathius*:

V. 458. *Not Pallas' self.*] *Homer* says in the original, "*Mi-nerva* could not have found fault, tho' she were angry." Upon which *Eustathius* ingeniously observes, how common and natural it is for persons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults where there are none.

Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror reign'd; 460
Such, *Jove* to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of *Patroclus*' fall,
In dust extended under *Ilion*'s wall, 465
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew, to make proud *Ilion* bend,
Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: This *Tbetis* had reveal'd; 470
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.
Still

V. 468.——To make proud *Ilion* bend,

Was more than heav'n had promis'd to his friend,

Perhaps to him.] In these words the Poet artfully hints at *Achilles*'s death; he makes him not absolutely to flatter himself with the hopes of ever taking *Troy*, in his own person; however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over as an ungrateful subject. *Eustatius*.

V. 471. The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.] Here (says the same author) we have two rules laid down for common use. One, not to tell our friends all their mischances at once, it being often necessary to hide part of them, as *Tbetis* does from *Achilles*: The other, not to push men of courage upon all that is possible for them to do. Thus *Achilles*, tho' he thought *Patroclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their gates, yet he does not order him to do so much; but only to save the ships, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admonishing the reader that *Achilles*'s mother had concealed the circumstance of the death of his friend when she instructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that *Troy* could not be taken at that time; this is a great instance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the Poem at once in his head. For upon the supposition that *Achilles* was instructed.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
 And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
 Curs'd be the man (ev'n private *Greeks* would say)
 Who dares desert this well-disputed day! 475
 First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
 Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
 First perish all, e'er haughty *Troy* shall boast
 We lost *Patroclus*, and our glory lost.

Thus they. While with one voice the *Trojans* said, 480
 Grant this day, *Jove!* or heap us on the dead!

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
 And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
 The pensive steeds of great *Achilles* stood; 485
 Their

instructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impossibility of *Troy's* being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whose valour he had so good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with.

V. 484. *At distance from the scene of blood.*] If the horses had not gone aside out of the war, *Homer* could not have introduced so well what he design'd to their honour. So he makes them weeping in secret (as their Master *Achilles* used to do) and afterwards coming into the battel, where they are taken notice of and pursued by *Hector*. *Eustatbius*.

V. 485. *The pensive steeds of great Achilles, &c.*] It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at *Jupiter's* nod, the sea parts itself to receive *Neptune*, the groves of *Ida* shake beneath *Juno's* feet, &c. As also to find animate or brute creatures address to, as if rational: So *Hector* encourages his horses; and one of *Achilles's* is not only endued with speech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here

Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
 They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
 In vain *Automedon* now shakes the rein,
 Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain ;
 Nor to the fight, nor *Hellepont* they go, 499
 Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe :
 Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
 On some good man, or woman unrepov'd
 Lays its eternal weight ; or fix'd as stands
 A marble courser by the sculptor's hands, 495
 Plac'd

they weep for *Patroclus*, and stand fix'd and immoveable with grief. Thus is this hero universally mourn'd, and every thing concurs to lament his loss. *Eustatbius*.

As to the particular fiction of the horses weeping, it is countenanc'd both by naturalists and historians. *Aristotle* and *Pliny* write, that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battel, and even shed tears for them. So *Solinus*, c. 47. *Ælian* relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, *De animal.* lib. 10. c. 17. *Suetonius* in the life of *Cæsar*, tells us, that several horses which at the passage of the *Rubicon* had been consecrated to *Mars*, and turn'd loose on the banks, were observed for some days after to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trājiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti consecrārat, ac sine custode vagos dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissimè abstinere, ubertimque flere.* cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumstance in those fine lines on the horse of *Pallas*.

*Post bellator equus, postitis insignibus, Æthon
 Is lacrymans, guttisq̃e bumeſcat grandibus ora.*

V. 494. Or fix'd, as stands A marble courser, &c.] *Homer* alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horses. This furnish'd *Homer* with this beautiful image, as if these horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

I bea

Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
 The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
 Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
 Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
 Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread, 500
 And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
 Nor *Jove* disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.

Uphappy courfers of immortal strain!
 Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain; 505
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
 Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
 For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
 That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
 What wretched creature of what wretched kind, 510
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
 A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
 For not by you shall *Priam's* son be borne

I believe M. *Dacier* refines too much in this note. *Homer* says, ———, ἢ γυναικός, and seems to turn the thought only on the firmness of the column, and not on the imagery of it: Which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of *Shakespeare*, *She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief.*———Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the attitude in which those statues on monuments were usually represented: There are *Bass-Reliefs* that favour this conjecture.

High on the splendid car: one glorious prize

He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies. 515

Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,

Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.

Automedon your rapid flight shall bear

Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war.

For yet 'tis giv'n to *Troy*, to ravage o'er 520

The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;

The sun shall see her conquer, 'till his fall

With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse

Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course; 525

From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear

The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:

So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train

Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.

From danger now with swiftest speed they flew, 530

And now to conquest with like speed pursue;

Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,

Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:

V. 522. *The sun shall see Troy conquer.*] It is worth observing with what art and œconomy *Homer* conducts his fable, to bring on the catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear *Patroclus*'s death; *Hector* must fall by his hand: This cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of *Patroclus* under the walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise the courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth, though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an issue. *Dacier*.

Him

Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld distressed,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address. 535

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and *Hector* wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies) 540
The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heav'nly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:

Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now *Patroclus* is an empty name! 545
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. *Alcimedon*, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of *Troy* descri'd, 550
And call'd *Aeneas* fighting near his side.

Lo, to my fight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' car, deserted of its Lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight: 555
Can

V. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver
since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the chariot; and *Automedon* was got
down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often
but one moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount
the

Can such opponents stand, when we assail?

Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of *Venus* to the counsel yields;

Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;

With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd, 560

And thick bull hides the spacious concave lin'd.

Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* succeeds,

Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,

In vain advance! not fated to return. 565

Unmov'd.

the chariot, before *Automedon* was descended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to *Aeneas*. He terms them both drivers in mockery, because he saw them take the reins one after the other; as if he said, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one single moment that makes this image. In reading the Poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the point of time in which they speak. *Dacier*.

The art of *Homer*, in this whole passage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occasion, for so renowned a person as the charioteer of *Achilles* to signalize his valour.

V. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.*]

These beautiful anticipations are frequent in the Poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus *Virgil* to *Turnus*,

Nescia mens hominum sati.—Turno tempus erit, &c.

So *Tasso*, Cant. 12. when *Argante* had vowed the destruction of *Tancred*.

*O vanti giuramenti! Ecco contrari
Seguir tosto gli effetti a l'alta speme:*

E cadde

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
 Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
 Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
 Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
 Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow, 570
 For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
 'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
 War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
 Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,
 And calls th' Ajaxes from the warring croud, 575
 With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
 Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
 The dead, incircled by his friends, forego,
 And save the living from a fiercer foe.
 Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage 580
 The force of Hector, and Aeneas' rage:

*E cader quest' in teneon pari estinto
 Sotto colui, ch' ei sà già preso, e vinto.*

And Milton makes the like apostrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam
 before she met the serpent.

————— She to him engag'd
 To be return'd by noon amid the bowers,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
 Thou never from that hour, in paradise,
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

Yet

Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,
Is only mine: th' event belongs to *Jove*.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of *Aretus* the young: 585
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous axe descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound, 590
Then tumbling, rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembles as his entrails heav'd.

Now at *Automedon* the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow, 595
Stooping, he shunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd, 600
But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd.
Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms *Automedon* divests, and cries,
Accept, *Patroclus*, this mean sacrifice. 605
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, 610
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now *Minerva*, from the realms of air
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid. 615
As when high *Jove* denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)

The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies, 620
And from the half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming *Phoenix*' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to *Sparta* calls. 625
And lies *Achilles*' friend belov'd by all,

A prey to dogs beneath the *Trojan* wall?
What shame to *Greece* for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!

Oh chief, oh father! (*Atreus*' son replies) 630
Oh full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?

Ah would *Minerva* send me strength to rear
 This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war! 635
 But *Hector*, like the rage of fire we dread,
 And *Jove's* own glories blaze around his head;
 Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs address'd,
 She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
 And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight, 640
 Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
 So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er)
 Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
 (Bold son of Air and Heat) on angry wings
 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns; attacks, and stings. 645
 Fir'd with like ardour fierce *Atrides* flew,
 And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.
 There stood a *Trojan*, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and *Podes* was his name;

V. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet, &c.*] It is literally in the Greek, *She inspir'd the hero with the boldness of a fly*. There is no impropriety in the comparison, this animal being of all others the most persevering in its attacks; and the most difficult to be beaten off: The occasion also of the comparison being the resolute persistence of *Menelaus* about the dead body, renders it still the more just. But our present idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleness and insignificancy of this creature. However, since there is really no meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and I have done my best in the translation to keep up the dignity of my author.

With

With riches honour'd, and with courage blest, 650

By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;

Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,

And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.

Sudden at *Hector*'s side *Apollo* stood,

Like *Phænops*, *Afius*' son, appear'd the God; 655

(*Afius* the great, who held his wealthy reign

In fair *Abydos*, by the rolling main.)

Oh Prince, (he cry'd) oh foremost once in fame!

What *Grecian* now shall tremble at thy name?

Dost thou at length to *Menelaüs* yield, 660

A chief once thought no terror of the field;

Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize

He bears victorious, while our army flies.

By the same arm illustrious *Podes* bled,

The friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd, is dead! 665

This heard, o'er *Hector* spreads a cloud of woe,

Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,

That shaded *Ide*, and all the subject field

Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670

Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;

V. 651. By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his guest.] *Podes* the favourite and companion of *Hector*, being kill'd on this occasion, seems a parallel circumstance to the death of *Achilles*'s favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage *Hector* on the like occasion with *Achilles*.

Th'

Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
 And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
 At one regard of his all-seeing eye,

The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly. 675

Then trembled *Greece*: The flight *Penelus* led;
 For as the brave *Bæotian* turn'd his head

To face the foe, *Polydamas* drew near,

And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:

By *Hætor* wounded, *Leitus* quits the plain, 680

Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and raging with the pain,

Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As *Hætor* follow'd, *Idomen* addrest

The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;

The brittle point before his corselet yields; 685

Exulting *Troy* with clamour fills the fields:

High on his chariot as the *Cretan* stood,

The son of *Priam* whirl'd the missive wood;

But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear

Strook to the dust the 'squire and charioteer 690

Of martial *Merion*: *Cæranus* his name,

Who left fair *Lyctus* for the fields of fame.

On foot bold *Merion* fought; and now laid low,

Had grac'd the triumphs of his *Trojan* foe;

But the brave 'squire the ready courfers brought, 695

And with his life his master's safety bought.

Between

Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the feat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein: 700

This *Merion* reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor *Ajax* less the will of heav'n descry'd, 705
And conquest shifting to the *Trojan* side,
Turn'd by the hand of *Jove*. Then thus begun,
To *Atreus'* seed, the godlike *Telamon*.

Alas! who sees not *Jove's* almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the *Trojan* band? 710

Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a *Grecian* heart:

Not so our spears: incessant tho' they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.

Deserted of the God, yet let us try. 715

What human strength and prudence can supply:

If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph born,

May glad the fleets that hope not our return,

Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,

And still hear *Hector* thund'ring at their gates. 720

Some

Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear

The mournful message to *Pelides'* ear ;

For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,

His friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.

But such a chief I spy not thro' the host :

725

The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost

In gen'ral darkness—Lord of Earth and Air !

Oh King ! oh Father ! hear my humble pray'r :

Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore ;

Give me to see, and *Ajax* asks no more :

730

If *Greece* must perish, we thy will obey,

But let us perish in the face of day !

With

V. 721. *Some hero too must be dispatch'd, &c.*] It seems odd that they did not sooner send this message to *Achilles*; but there is some apology for it from the darkness, and the difficulty of finding a proper person. It was not every body that was proper to send, but one who was a particular friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antiloebus* who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary qualification of being *πρόμας, γνώς*. *Eustatbius*.

V. 731. *If Greece must perish, we thy will obey ;
But let us perish in the face of day !*]

This thought has been look'd upon as one of the sublimest in *Homer*. *Longinus* represents it in this manner : “ The thickest darkness had
“ on a sudden covered the *Grecian* army, and hindered them from
“ fighting : When *Ajax*, not knowing what course to take, cries
“ out, *Oh Jove ! disperse this darkness which covers the Greeks, and*
“ *if we must perish, let us perish in the light !* This is a sentiment
“ truly worthy of *Ajax*, he does not pray for life ; that had been
“ unworthy a hero : But because in that darkness he could not em-
“ ploy his valour to any glorious purpose, and vex'd to stand idle in
“ the field of battel, he only prays that the day may appear, as be-
“ ing.

With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
 The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air ;
 Forth burst the sun with all enlight'ning ray ; 735
 The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
 Now,

“ ing assur'd of putting an end to it worthy his great heart, though
 “ Jupiter himself should happen to oppose his efforts.”

M. l'Abbé Teraſſon (in his dissertation on the *Iliad*) endeavours to prove that *Longinus* has misrepresented the whole context and sense of this passage of *Homer*. The fact (says he) is, that *Ajax* is in a very different situation in *Homer* from that wherein *Longinus* describes him. He has not the least intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out some fit person to send to *Achilles*; and this darkness hindering him from seeing such a one, is the occasion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as soon as *Jupiter* had dispersed the cloud, *Ajax* never falls upon the enemy, but in consequence of his former thought orders *Menelaus* to look for *Antilochus*, to dispatch him to *Achilles* with the news of the death of his friend. *Longinus* (continues this author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the first citation from *Homer* which the ancients have quoted wrong. Thus *Aristotle* attributes to *Calypso*, the words of *Ulysses* in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*; and confounds together two passages, one of the second, the other of the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*. [*Ethic. ad Nicom.* l. 2. c. 9. and l. 3. c. 11.] And thus *Cicero* ascribed to *Agamemnon* a long discourse of *Ulysses* in the second *Iliad*; [*De divinatione*, l. 2.] and cited as *Ajax's*, the speech of *Hector* in the seventh. [*See Aul. Gallus*, l. 35. c. 6.] One has no cause to wonder at this, since the ancients having *Homer* almost by heart, were for that very reason the more subject to mistake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may answer, that granting it was partly the occasion of *Ajax's* prayer to obtain light, in order to send to *Achilles*, (which he afterwards does) yet the thought which *Longinus* attributes to him, is very consistent with it; and the last line expresses nothing else but an heroic desire rather to die in the light, than escape with safety in the darkness.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ Ὀλισσον, ἵππῃ νύ τοι ἔναδι ἕτας.

But indeed the whole speech is only meant to paint the concern and distress of a brave general; the thought of sending a messenger is only a result from that concern and distress, and so but a small circumstance, which cannot be said to occasion the prayer.

Monf.

Now, now, *Atrides*! cast around thy sight,

If yet *Antilochus* survives the fight,

Let him to great *Achilles*' car convey

The fatal news——*Atrides* hastes away.

740

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,

Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,

Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,

Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;

The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,

745

And the red terrors of the blazing brands:

'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day

Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.

So mov'd *Atrides* from his dang'rous place

With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;

750

The foe, he fear'd, might yet *Patroclus* gain,

And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Monf. Boileau has translated this passage in two lines.

Grand Dieu! chaffe la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,

Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux.

And Mr. la Motte yet better in one,

Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!

But both these (as *Dacier* very justly observes) are contrary to *Homer*'s sense. He is far from representing *Ajax* of such a daring impiety, as to bid *Jupiter* combat against him; but only makes him ask for light, that if it be his will the *Greeks* shall perish, they may perish in open day. *Καὶ ὀλισσον*—— (says he) that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your Assistance*; for those who are deserted by *Jove* must perish infallibly. This decorum of *Homer* ought to have been preserved.

Oh

Oh guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
 How skill'd he was in each obliging art: 755
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
 He was, alas! but fate decreed his end:
 In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view. 760
 As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
 Then stoops, and fousing on the quiv'ring hare, 765
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
 Not with less quickness, his exerted flight
 Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
 'Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
 Charging his men, and spreading deaths around. 770

To him the King. Belov'd of *Jove*! draw near,
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;

V. 756. *The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.*] This is a fine eulogium of *Patroclus*: *Homer* dwells upon it on purpose, lest *Achilles's* character should be mistaken; and shews by the praises he bestows here upon goodness, that *Achilles's* character is not commendable for morality. *Achilles's* manners, intirely opposite to those of *Patroclus*, are not morally good; they are only poetically so, that is to say, they are well mark'd; and discover before-hand what resolutions that hero will take: As hath been at large explain'd upon *Aristotle's* Poeticks. *Dacier*.

Thy

Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn!

How *Iliou* triumphs, and th' *Achaians* mourn,

This is not all: *Patroclus* on the shore

775

Now pale and dead, shall succour *Greece* no more.

Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell

The sad *Achilles* how his lov'd-one fell:

He too may haste the naked corps to gain;

The arms are *Hector's*, who despoil'd the slain.

780

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,

From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;

Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say

What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.

To brave *Laodocus* his arms he flung,

785

Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along,

Then ran, the mournful message to impart,

With tear-full eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: Nor *Menelaüs* stands,

(Tho' sore distress) to aid the *Pylian* bands;

790

But bids bold *Thrasymede* those troops sustain;

Himself returns to his *Patroclus* slain.

V. 781. *The youthful warrior heard with silent woe.*] *Homer* ever represents an excess of grief by a deep horror, silence, weeping, and not inquiring into the manner of the friend's death: Nor could *Antilochus* have expressed his sorrow in any manner so moving as silence. *Eustathius*.

V. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms be flung.*] *Antilochus* leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies; and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight. *Eustathius*.

Gone

BOOK XVII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 49

Gone is *Antilochus* (the hero said)

But hope not, warriors, for *Achilles'* aid :

Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe, 795

Unarm'd, he fights not with the *Trojan* foe.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,

'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain ;

And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate

Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate. 800

'Tis well (said *Ajax*) be it then thy care

With *Merion's* aid, the weighty corse to rear ;

Myself and my bold brother will sustain

The shock of *Heſſor* and his charging train :

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side ; 805

What *Troy* can dare, we have already try'd,

Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.

High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.

A gen'ral clamour rises at the fight :

Loud shout the *Trojans*, and renew the fight. 810

Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,

With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,

Voracious hounds, that many a length before

Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar ;

V. 794. *But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid!*
Unarm'd —————]

This is an ingenious way of making the valour of *Achilles* appear the greater ; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaus*. *Dacier*.

VOL. V.

C

But

But if the savage turns his glaring eye, 815

They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.

Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour,

Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lines show'r:

But *Ajax* turning, to their fears they yield,

All pale they tremble, and forsake the field. 820

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,

Behind them rages all the storm of war;

Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng

Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:

Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire, 825

To whelm some city under waves of fire;

Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;

Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;



V. 825, &c.] The heap of images which *Homer* throws together at the end of this book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning of a city is short, but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the rear-guard, and shielding those that bore the body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* host, gives a prodigious idea of *Ajax*, and as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him just second to *Achilles*. The image of the beam paints the great stature of *Patroclus*: That of the hill dividing the stream is noble and natural.

He compares the *Ajaces* to a boar, for their fierceness and boldness; to a long bank that keeps off the course of the waters, for their standing firm and immovable in the battle: Those that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vast beam thro' rugged paths, for their laboriousness: The body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: The *Trojans* to dogs, for their boldness; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: The *Greeks* to a flight of starlings and jays, for their timorousness and swiftness. *Eustathius*.

The

BOOK XVII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 51

The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smok mount heavy to the poles. 830
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load :
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length ;
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil, 835
 Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill :
 So these——Behind, the bulk of *Ajax* stands,
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains, 840
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
 Still close they follow, close the rear engage ;
Aeneas storms, and *Hector* foams with rage :
 While *Greece* a heavy, thick retreat maintains, 845
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
 That shriek incessant while the falcon hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
 So from the *Trojan* chiefs the *Grecians* fly,
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry : 850
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay :
 Such horror *Jove* imprest ! Yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battel bleeds.



THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





The A R G U M E N T.

The grief of *Achilles*, and new armour made him by *Vulcan*.

*T*H E news of the death of *Patroclus* is brought to *Achilles* by *Antilochus*. *Thetis* hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. *Iris* appears to *Achilles* by the command of *Juno*, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The fight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of *Patroclus* is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where *Hector* and *Polydamas* disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: The grief of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus*.

Thetis goes to the palace of *Vulcan* to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of *Vulcan*; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of *Achilles*.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at *Achilles's* tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of *Vulcan*.

T H E



Achilles having the news of Patroclus's Death, & grievously lamenting him, is comforted by Thetis, who exhorts him not to Fight, till she brings him New Armour.
B. 18.

EF. Hall. scul.





THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where *Hellepont's* broad waters flow,
Stood *Nestor's* son, the messenger of woe:
There sate *Achilles*, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;

5

Penfive

V. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire, &c.*] This phrase is usual in our Author, to signify a sharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts ; such an engagement like a flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns. *Eustatbius*.

V. 6. *On hoisted yards.*] The epithet ὀρθοκράιστ' in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail-yards were hoisted up, and *Achilles's* ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the *Greeks* ; he meant to leave 'em as soon as

C 4

Patroclus

Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
 Thus to his soul he said. Ah! what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains? 10
 Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
 (So *Tbetis* warn'd) when by a *Trojan* hand
 The bravest of the *Myrmidonian* band
 Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree; 15
 Fall'n is the warrior, and *Patroclus* he!

Patroclus returned; he still remembered what he told the ambassadors in the ninth book; v. 360. *Tomorrow you shall see my fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fix'd to his resolution: This circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character.

V. 7. *Pensive he sat.*] *Homer* in this artful manner prepares *Achilles* for the fatal message, and gives him these forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no less than he expected.

His expressions are suitable to his concern, and delivered confusedly. "I had him (says he) after he had saved the ships, and repulsed the *Trojans*, to return back, and not engage himself too far." Here he breaks off, when he should have added; "But he was so unfortunate as to forget my advice." As he is reasoning with himself, *Antiloebus* comes in, which makes him leave the sense imperfect. *Eustatbius*.

V. 15. ————— *Fulfill'd is that decree;
 Slain is the warrior, and Patroclus he!]*

It may be objected, that *Achilles* seems to contradict what had been said in the foregoing book, that *Tbetis* concealed from her son the death of *Patroclus* in her prediction. Whereas here he says, that she had foretold he should lose the bravest of the *Tbessalians*. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: And it is still more agreeable to the hasty and inconsiderate temper of *Achilles* not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine prescience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they must hinder their own accomplishment.

In

In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun *Hecorean* force in vain!

Thus while he thinks, *Antilochus* appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears. 20

Sad tidings, son of *Peleus*! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!

Dead is *Patroclus*! For his corse they fight;
His naked corse; his arms are *Hector's* right.

A sudden horror shot thro' all the chief, 25
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;

Cast

V. 21. *Sad tidings, son of Pelus!*] This speech of *Antilochus* ought to serve as a model for the brevity with which so dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verses it comprehends the whole affair of the death of *Patroclus*, the person that killed him, the contest for his body, and his arms in the possession of his enemy. Besides, it should be observed that grief has so crowded his words, that in these two verses he leaves the verb ἀμφιμαχονται, *they fight*, without its Nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. *Homer* observes this brevity upon all the like occasions. The *Greek* tragick Poets have not always imitated this discretion. In great distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a messenger who begins a long story with pathetic descriptions; he speaks without being heard; for the person to whom he addresses himself has no time attend him: The first word, which discovers to him his misfortune, has made him to deaf to all the rest. *Eufrastius*.

V. 25. *A sudden horror, &c.*] A modern French writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of *Homer* and *Virgil*, in relation to the deaths of *Patroclus* and of *Pallas*. The latter is killed by *Turnus*, as the former by *Hector*; *Turnus* triumphs in the spoils of the one, as *Hector* is clad in the arms of the other; *Aeneas* revenges the death of *Pallas* by that of *Turnus*, as *Achilles* the death of *Patroclus* by that of *Hector*. The grief of *Achilles* in *Homer*, on the score of *Patroclus*, is much greater than that of *Aeneas* in *Virgil* for the sake of *Pallas*. *Achilles* gives himself up to despair, with a weakness which *Plato* could not pardon in him, and which can only be excused on account of the long and close friendship between 'em: That of *Aeneas* is

Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears : 30
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
 The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
 (Won by his own, or by *Patroclus*' arms)

more discreet, and seems more worthy of a hero. It was not possible that *Æneas* could be so deeply interested for any man, as *Achilles* was interested for *Patroclus*: For *Virgil* had no colour to kill *Ascanius*, who was little more than a Child; besides, that his hero's interest in the war of *Italy* was great enough of it self, not to need to be animated by so touching a concern as the fear of losing his son. On the other hand, *Achilles* having but very little personal concern in the war of *Troy* (as he had told *Agamemnon* in the beginning of the Poem) and knowing, besides, that he was to perish there, required some very pressing motive to engage him to persist in it, after such disgusts and insults as he had received. It was this which made it necessary for these two great Poets to treat a subject so much in its own nature alike, in a manner so different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the æconomy of his work would permit.

V. 27. *Cast on the ground, &c.*] This is a fine picture of the grief of *Achilles*: We see on the one hand, the posture in which the hero receives the news of his Friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he snatches the ashes and casts them on his head, according to the manner of those times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his sprinkling embers, instead of ashes, in the violence of his passion.) On the other side, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themselves about him, and answering to his groans: Beside him stands *Antilochus*, fetching deep sighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his despair and rage should cause some desperate attempt upon his own life: There is no painter but will be touched with this image.

V. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their Lord, or in gratitude to the memory of *Patroclus*, who was remarkable for his goodness and affability; or under these pretences mourn'd for their own misfortunes and slavery. *Eustathius*.

Rush'd

BOOK XVIII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 59

Rush'd from the tent with cries; and gath'ring round, 35
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:

While *Nestor's* son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantick woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary *Nereus*, and the watry train,
The Mother Goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answered groan for groan.
The circling *Nereids* with their mistress weep, 45
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.

Tbalia, *Glauce*, (ev'ry wat'ry name)
Nesæa mild, and silver *Spio* came:
Cymothoë and *Cymodoce* were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft *Alia's* eye. 50

Their locks *Actæa* and *Limnoria* rear,
Then *Proto*, *Doris*, *Panope* appear,
Thoa, *Pherusa*, *Doto*, *Melita*;
Agave gentle, and *Ampitboë* gay:
Next *Callianira*, *Calliamassa* show 55

Their sister looks; *Dexamene* the slow,
And swift *Dynamene*, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with *Apseudes* lifts the head,
Bright *Galatea* quits her pearly bed; 60

These

These *Orythia*, *Clymene*, attend,
Mæra, *Amphinome*, the train extend.
 And black *Janira*, and *Janassa* fair,
 And *Amatheia* with her amber hair.
 All these, and all that deep in ocean held 65
 Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
 Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,
 'Till *Thetis*' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
 How just a cause has *Thetis* to complain? 70
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
 Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
 The bravest far that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand 75
 He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
 To *Troy* I sent him; but the fates ordain
 He never, never must return again.
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view,
 So short alas! and fill'd with anguish too. 80
 Hear how his sorrows echoe thro' the shore!
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;

V. 75. *Like some fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This passage, where the mother compares her son to a tender plant, raised and preserved with care; has a most remarkable resemblance to that in the *Psalms*, *Thy children like branches of olive trees round thy table.* Psalm 127.

I go

I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main, 85
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. 90
Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request 95
The God has granted, and the *Greeks* distrust:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning——To this cruel grief
Not ev'n th' Thund'rer's favour brings relief. 100
Patroclus——Ah!——say, Goddess can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd 105
On *Peleus*; *Hector* bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:

Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
 Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign; 110
 And happier *Peleus*, less ambitious, led
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed !
 E'er the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
 For soon alas ! that wretched offspring slain, 115
 New woes, new sorrows shall create again.
 'Tis not in fate th' Alternate now to give ;
Patroclus dead, *Achilles* hates to live.
 Let me revenge it on proud *Hector's* heart,
 Let his last spirit smook upon my dart ; 120
 On these conditions will I breathe : Till then,
 I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this the Goddess shed,
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !
 When *Hector* falls, thou dy'st,———Let *Hector* die, 125
 And let me fall ! (*Achilles* made reply)

Far

V. 100, 125. *The two speeches of Achilles to Thetis.*] It is not possible to imagine more lively and beautiful strokes of nature and passion, than those which our author ascribes to *Achilles* throughout these admirable speeches. They contain all, that the truest friend, the most tender son, and the most generous hero, could think or express in this delicate and affecting circumstance. He shews his excess of love to his mother, by wishing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than she should have endured so many sufferings on his account : He shews no less love for his friend, in resolving to revenge his death upon *Hector*, tho' his own would immediately follow. We see him here ready to meet his fate for the sake of his friend, and in the *Odyssey* we find him wishing to live again, only to maintain

Far lies *Patroclus* from his native plain !
 He fell, and falling, with'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then, since from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away, 130
 Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
 The fate of *Hector* from *Achilles'* hand ;
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
 I live an idle burden to the ground,
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill, 135
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
 Let me———But oh ! ye gracious pow'rs above !
 Wrath and Revenge from men and Gods remove :

Far

maintain his father's honour against his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encrease of his glory.

After having calmly considered the present state of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate ; and comforts himself under it, by a reflection on those great men, whom neither their illustrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could save from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whose business it was in peace to sing their praises, and in war to imitate their actions. *Achilles*, like a man passionate of glory, takes none but the finest models ; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the son of *Jupiter*, and who had filled the universe with the noise of his immortal actions : These are the sentiments of a real hero. *Eustatbius*.

V. 137. *Let me———But oh ye gracious pow'rs, &c.* } *Achilles'* words are these ; “ Now since I am never to return home, and since “ I lie here an useless person, losing my best friend, and exposing the “ *Greeks* to so many dangers by my own folly ; I who am superior “ to them all in battle——Here he breaks off, and says——May contention perish everlastingly, &c. *Achilles* leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it ; for he should have said,——“ Since I have done all this, I'll perish to “ revenge him :” Nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against

Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste; 140
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
 Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly hate;
 'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
 Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend; 143
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The Stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
 The great *Alcides*, *Jove's* unequal'd son,
 To *Juno's* hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all conqu'ring Death. 150
 So shall *Achilles* fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the *Grecian* hope, or *Trojan* dread!
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.

against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confessing at the same time, that many exceeded him in speaking: Unless one may take this as said in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of *Virgil*,

*Orabunt causas melius—*Sec.

V. 153. *Let me this instant.*] I shall have time enough for glorious rest when I am in the grave, but now I must act like a living hero: I shall indeed lie down in death, but at the same time rise higher in glory. *Eustathius*.

Shall

Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear 155

With frantick hands her long dishevel'd hair?

Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,

And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes!

Yes, I shall give the Fair those mournful charms——

In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms! 160

Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,

That all shall know, *Achilles* swells the tide.

My son (*Cærulean Thetis* made reply,

To fate submitting with a secret sigh)

The host to succour, and thy friends to save, 165

Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.

But can'st thou, naked, issue to the plains

Thy radiant arms the *Trojan* foe detains.

Insulting *Hector* bears the spoils on high,

But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170

Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;

Affur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,

Charg'd

V. 162. *That all shall know, Achilles.*] There is a great stress on *ἄνθρωποι* and *ἦν*. They shall soon find that their victories have been owing to the long absence of a hero, and that hero *Achilles*. Upon which the ancients have observed, that since *Achilles's* anger there past in reality but a few days: To which it may be replied, that so short a time as this might well seem long to *Achilles*, who thought all unactive hours tedious and insupportable; and if the poet himself had said that *Achilles* was long absent, he had not said it because a great many days had past, but because so great a variety of incidents had happened in that time. *Eustatbius*.

V. 171. ——— This promise of *Thetis* to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting

Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)

Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main, 175

The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister *Nereids*! to your deeps descend,

Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend,

I go to find the architect divine,

Where vast *Olympus*' starry summits shine: 180

So tell our hoary fire———This charge she gave:

The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:

Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,

And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the *Greeks*, from furious *Hector*'s force, 185

Urge to broad *Hellespont* their headlong course:

Nor yet their chiefs *Patroclus*' body bore

Safe thro' the tempest to the tented shore.

The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,

Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind; 190

And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,

The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was born.

Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;

Thrice to the skies the *Trojan* clamours flew:

putting immediately in practice his resolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he must have done: Therefore the interposition of *Thetis* here was absolutely necessary; it was *dignus vindice nodus*.

BOOK XVIII. *HOMER's ILIAD.* 67

As oft th' *Ajaces* his assault sustain ; 195

But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd attacks again.

With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,

Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires ;

So watchful *Shepherds* strive to force, in vain,

The hungry lion from a carcase slain. 200

Ev'n yet *Patroclus* had he born away,

And all the glories of th' extended day :

Had not high *Juno*, from the realms of air,

Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.

The various *Goddeſs* of the show'ry bow, 205

Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;

To great *Achilles* at his ships she came,

And thus began the many colour'd dame.

Rise son of *Peleus* ! rise divinely brave !

Assist the combate, and *Patroclus* save : 210

For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,

And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.

To drag him back to *Troy* the foe contends :

Nor with his death the rage of *Hector* ends :

A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie, 215

And marks the place to fix his head on high.

Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)

Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame !

Who

Who sends thee, Goddess! from th' ethereal skies?

Achilles thus. And *Iris* thus replies. 220

I come, *Pelides*! from the Queen of *Jove*,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above.

Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.

Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd) 225

Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?

Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,

'Till *Thetis* bring me at the dawn of day

Vulcanian arms: What other can I wield?

Except the mighty *Telamonian* shield? 230

V. 219. *Who sends thee, Goddess, &c.*] *Achilles* is amazed, that a moment after the Goddess his mother had forbid him fighting, he should receive a contrary order from the Gods: Therefore he asks what God sent her? *Dacier*.

V. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected against *Homer*, that since *Patroclus* took *Achilles*'s armour, *Achilles* could not want arms since he had those of *Patroclus*; but (besides that *Patroclus* might have given his armour to his squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans* by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*) this objection may be very solidly answered by saying that *Homer* has prevented it, since he made *Achilles*'s armour fit *Patroclus*'s body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore it does not follow, that because the armour of a large man fits one that is smaller, the armour of a little man should fit one that is larger. *Eustatbius*,

V. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian shield.*] *Achilles* seems not to have been of so large a stature as *Ajax*: yet his shield 'tis likely might be fit enough for him, because his great strength was sufficient to wield it. This passage, I think, might have been made use of by the defenders of the shield of *Achilles* against the critics, to shew that *Homer* intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: And one would think he put it into this place, just a little before the description of that shield, on purpose to obviate that objection.

That

That, in my friend's defence, has *Ajax* spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead :
The gallant chief defends *Menæti*'s son,
And does, what his *Achilles* should have done.

Thy want of arms (said *Iris*) well we know, 235
But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go !
Let but *Achilles* o'er yon' trench appear,
Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and consent to fear :
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 240

V. 236. *But tho' unarm'd.*] A hero so violent and so outrageous as *Achilles*, and who had but just lost the man he lov'd best in the world, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the enemy, for the single reason of having no armour. Grief and despair in a great soul are not so prudent and reserv'd; but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself into the midst of so many enemies armed and flushed with victory. *Homer* gets out of this nice circumstance with great dexterity, and gives to *Achilles*'s character every thing he ought to give to it, without offending either against reason or probability. He judiciously feigns, that *Juno* sent this order to *Achilles*, for *Juno* is the Goddess of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inspires them with the sense of what they owe to their dignity and character. *Dacier*.

V. 237. *Let but Achilles' o'er yon' Trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater instance, how constantly *Homer* carried his whole design in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raises one great idea upon another, to the highest sublime, than this passage of *Achilles*'s appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the *Trojans* have the victory, they check their pursuit of it in the meer thought that *Achilles* sees them: In the sixteenth they are put into the utmost consternation at the sight of his armour and chariot: In the seventeenth, *Menelaus* and *Ajax* are in despair, on the consideration that *Achilles* cannot succour them for want of armour: In the present book, beyond all expectation he does but shew himself unarm'd, and the very sight of him gives the victory to *Greece*! How extremely noble is this gradation!

She spoke, and past in air. The hero rose ;
 Her *Ægis*, *Pallas* o'er his shoulder throws ;
 Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
 A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
 As when from some beleaguer'd town arise 245
 The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies ;
 (Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
 When men distressed hang out the sign of war)
 Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
 Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ; 250
 With long projected beams the seas are bright,
 And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light :
 So from *Achilles'* head the splendors rise,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
 Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the croud, 255
 High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ;
 With her own shout *Minerva* swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.

V. 246. *The smokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but smoak, and in the night flames are visible because of the darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of smoak, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier.

V. 247. *Seen from some island.*] Homer makes choice of a town placed in an island, because such a place being besieged has no other means of making its distress known than by signals of fire ; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the necessity it is in. Dacier.

As

As the loud Trumpet's brazen mouth from far
 With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war, 260
 Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply ;
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
 Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
 And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound, 265
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
 Aghast they see the living light'nings play,
 And turn their eye balls from the flashing ray.
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ;
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd. 270
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :

V. 259. *As the loud Trumpet's, &c.*] I have already observ'd that when the poet speaks as from himself he may be allow'd to take his comparisons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows a comparison from the trumpet, as he has elsewhere done from *saddle-borses*, though neither one nor the other were used in Greece at the time of the Trojan war. Virgil was less exact in this respect, for he describes the trumpet as used in the sacking of Troy :

Exeritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

And celebrates *Misenus* as the trumpeter of *Æneas*. But as Virgil wrote at a time more remote from those heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excused. But a Poet had better confine himself to customs and manners, like a painter ; and it is equally a fault in either of them to ascribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

One may add an observation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in use at that time, makes very much for Homer's purpose in this place. The terror raised by the voice of his hero, is much the more strongly imaged by a sound that was unusual, and capable of striking more from its very novelty.

While

While shielded from the darts, the *Greeks* obtain

The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears : 275

Around, his sad Companions melt in tears.

But chief *Achilles*, bending down his head,

Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead.

Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car,

He sent refulgent to the field of war, 280

(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,

Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a-gaping wound.

Meantime unwearied with his heav'nly way,

In Ocean's Waves th' unwilling light of day

Quench'd his red orb, at *Juno's* high command, 285

And from their labours eas'd th' *Achaian* band.

The frighted *Trojans* (panting from the war,

Their steeds unharnessed from the weary car)

A sudden council call'd: Each chief appear'd

In haste, and standing, for to sit they fear'd. 290

'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;

They saw *Achilles*, and in him their fate.

Silent they stood: *Polydamas* at last,

Skill'd to discern the future by the past,

The son of *Pantheus*, thus express'd his fears; 295

(The friend of *Hector*, and of equal years:

The self-same night to both a being gave,

One wise in council, one in action brave.)

In

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
 For me, I move, before the morning break, 300
 To raise our camp: Too dang'rous here our post,
 Far from *Troy* walls, and on a naked coast.
 I deem'd not *Greece* so dreadful, while engag'd
 In mutual feuds, her King and Hero rag'd;
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail, 305
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
 I dread *Pelides* now: his rage of mind
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
 Contending nations won and lost the day; 310
 For *Troy*, for *Troy*, shall henceforth be the strife,
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
 Haste then to *Hion*, while the fav'ring night
 Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
 If but the morrow's sun behold us here, 315
 That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
 And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
 If heav'n permits them then to enter *Troy*.

V. 315. *If but the morrow's sun, &c.*] *Polydamas* says in the original, "If *Achilles* comes to-morrow in his armour. There seems to lie an objection against this passage, for *Polydamas* knew that *Achilles*'s armour was won by *Hector*; he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are resolved to defend *Homer* may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy; but to me this seems to be a slip of our author's memory, and one of those little nods which *Horace* speaks of.

VOL. V.

D

Let

Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought and reason can supply;
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
 The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs, 325
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
 'Till his spent courfers seek the fleet again: 330
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And dogs shall tear him e'er he sack the town.
 Return? (said *Hector*, fir'd with stern disdain)
 What coop whole armies in our walls again?

Was't

V. 333. *The speech of Hector.*] *Hector* in this severe answer to *Polydamas*, takes up several of his words, and turns them another way.

Polydamas had said, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἡοίοις σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες ἡσίομεθ' αὖ πύργους, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, and defend the castles and city walls;" to which *Hector* replies, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἡοίοις σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ἐξὺν Ἀρνα, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, not to defend ourselves at home, but to fight the *Greeks* before their own ships."

Polydamas, speaking of *Achilles*, had said τῷ δ' ἄλγιον αἶψ' ἰθὺς ἔλθῃ, &c. "if he comes after we are within the walls of our city, 'twill be the worse for him; for he may drive round the city long enough before he can hurt us." To which *Hector* answers, "If
" *Achilles*

BOOK XVIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 75

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say, 335

Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?

Wide o'er the world was *Ilion* fam'd of old

For brafs exhaustless, and for mines of gold:

But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,

Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd; 340

The *Phrygians* now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,

And proud *Mæonia* wastes the fruits of *Troy*.

Great *Jove* at length my arms to conquest calls,

And shuts the *Grecians* in their wooden walls:

Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite? 345

Flies any *Trojan*, I shall stop his flight.

To better counsel then attention lend;

Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.

"*Achilles* should come" *Ἀλκίον, αἶψ' ἰθάλησι, τῷ ἴσσεται· ὃ μιν ἔγωγε Φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, ὅς.* 'twill be the worse for him as "you say, because I'll fight him: ὃ μιν ἔγωγε Φεύξομαι, says *Hector*, in reply to *Polydamas's* saying ὅς κε Φύγη. But *Hector* is not so far gone, in passion or pride as to forget himself; and accordingly in the next lines he modestly puts it in doubt, which of them shall conquer. *Eustathius*.

V. 340. Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd.] As well by reason of the convoys, which were necessarily to be sent for with ready money; as by reason of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*. *Hector's* meaning is, that since all the riches of *Troy* are exhausted, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their walls. *Dacier*.

If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the Troops to share; 350

'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple Orient warms,
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.

If great *Achilles* rise in all his might, 355

His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!

Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall. 360

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd;
So *Pallas* robb'd the Many of their mind,
To their own sense condemn'd! and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long Night extends her sable reign, 365
Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the *Grecian* train.

Stern in superior grief *Pelides* stood;
Those slaughter'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood.

V. 349. *If there be one, &c.*] This noble and generous proposal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the soldiers. *Eustathius* farther observes that it is said with an eye to *Polydamas*, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other end than to preserve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the desire of saving them has often occasioned men to give advice very contrary to the publick welfare.

Now

Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
 The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart. 370
 The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
 Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young:
 When the grim savage to his rifled den
 Too late returning, finds the track of men,
 And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds; 375
 His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
 So grieves *Achilles*; and impetuous, vents
 To all his *Myrmidons*, his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage?
 When to console *Menæti*us' feeble age, 380
 I vow'd his much lov'd offspring to restore,
 Charg'd with rich spoils to fair *Opuntia*'s shore!
 But mighty *Jove* cuts short, with just disdain,
 The long, long views of poor, designing man!
 One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike, 385
 And *Troy*'s black sands must drink our blood alike:

V. 739. *In vobis vain promise.*] The lamentation of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus* is exquisitely touch'd: It is sorrow in the extreme, but the sorrow of *Achilles*. It is nobly usher'd in by that simile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully answered in the savage and bloody conclusion of this speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his fate, till after his departure from *Opuntium*; and yet how does that agree with what is said of his choice of the short and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himself sometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from several other passages, and is indeed the most natural solution.

Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,
 An aged father never see me more!
 Yet, my *Patroclus*! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390
 E'er thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
 Shall *Hector's* head be offer'd to thy shade;
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
 And twelve the noblest of the *Trojan* line,
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire; 395
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
 Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
 While *Trojan* captives here thy mourners stay,
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day: 400
 Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.
 A massy caldron of stupendous frame 405
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
 Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:

V. 404. *Cleanse the pale corse, &c.*] This custom of washing the dead, is continued amongst the *Greeks* to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the nearest friend or relation, to see it washed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

In

In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream ;
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim. 410
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
 High on a bed of state extended laid,
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade ;
 Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw ; 415
 That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to *Juno*, in the realms above,
 (His Wife and Sister) spoke almighty *Jove*.
 At last thy will prevails : Great *Peleus'* son
 Rises in arms : such grace thy *Greeks* have won. 420
 Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
 And thou the mother of that martial line ?

What words are these (th' imperial Dame replies,
 While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
 Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, 425
 And such success mere human wit attend :
 And shall not I, the second pow'r above,
 Heav'n's Queen, and consort of the thund'ring *Jove*,
 Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
 Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land ? 430

V. 417. Jupiter and Juno.] *Virgil* has copied the speech of *Juno* to *Jupiter*. *Ast ego quæ divûm incedo regina, &c.* But it is exceedingly remarkable, that *Homer* should upon every occasion make marriage and discord inseparable : It is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the husband and wife in a quarrel.

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame,
 Reach'd the *Vulcanian* dome, eternal frame!
 High-eminent amid the works divine,
 Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
 There the lame Architect the Goddess found, 435
 Obscure in smoak, his forges flaming round,
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
 And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
 That day no common task his labour claim'd:
 Full twenty Tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440.
 That

V. 440. *Full twenty Tripods.*] Tripods were vessels supported on three feet, with handles on the sides; they were of several kinds, and for several uses; some were consecrated to sacrifices, some used as tables, some as seats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houses or temples; these of *Vulcan* have an addition of wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. *Monf. Dacier* has commented very well on this passage. If *Vulcan* (says he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not answered the greatness, power and skill of a God. It was therefore necessary that this work should be above that of men: To effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this *Homer* doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully persuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than these, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been said of the statues of *Dadalus*? *Plato* writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got loose, and run from their master. If a writer in prose can speak hyperbolically of a man, may not *Homer* do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumstance with which *Homer* has embellished his poem, would have had nothing too surprizing, though these tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work by an exact management of springs? This criticism is then ill-grounded, and *Homer* does not deserve the ridicule they would cast on him.

The same author applies to this passage of *Homer* that rule of *Aristotle*, *Poetic*, chap. 26. which deserves to be alledged at large on this occasion,

“ When

That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
 (Wond'rous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
 From place to place, around the blest abodes,
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
 For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs, 445
 In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
 Just as responsive to his thought the frame
 Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
 Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,
 And smiling, thus the wat'ry Queen address'd.

"When a poet is accused of saying any thing that is impossible; we must examine that impossibility, either with respect to *poetry*, with respect to that which is *best*, or with respect to *common sense*. First, with regard to *poetry*. The *probable impossible* ought to be preferred to the *possible which hath no verisimilitude*, and which would not be believed; and it is thus that *Zeuxis* painted his pieces. Secondly, with respect to that which is *best*, we see that a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that the originals ought always to surpass. Lastly, in respect to *fame*, It is proved that the poet need only follow a common opinion. All that appears absurd may be also justified by one of these three ways; or else by the maxim we have already laid down, that it is probable, that a great many things may happen against probability."

A late critick has taken notice of the conformity of this passage of *Homer* with that in the first chapter of *Ezekiel*; *The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels: when those went, these went; and when those stood, these stood; and when those were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over against them; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.*

What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
 All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
 'Till now a stranger, in a happy hour, 455
 Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
 And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd;
 A footstool at her feet: then calling, said,
Vulcan draw near, 'tis *Thetis* asks your aid. 460

V. 459. *A footstool at her feet.*] It is at this day the usual honour paid amongst the *Greeks*, to visitors of superior quality, to set them higher than the rest of the company, and put a footstool under their feet. See Note on v. 179. book 14. This, with innumerable other customs, are still preserved in the eastern nations.

V. 460. *Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.*] The story the ancients tell of *Plato's* application of this verse, is worth observing. That great philosopher had in his youth a strong inclination to poetry, and not being satisfied to compose little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epic poetry; but the success was not answerable to his hopes: He compared his performance with that of *Homer*, and was very sensible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a sort of writing wherein at best he could only be the second, and turn'd his views to another, wherein he despaired not to become the first. His anger transported him so far, as to cast all his verses into the fire; But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verse of the very poet who had caused his chagrin. It was the present line, which *Homer* has put into the mouth of *Charis*, when *Thetis* demands arms for *Achilles*.

Ἡφαιστὶ πρόμολ' ὦδε, Οὔτις νύ τι σείο χαρίζει.

Plato only inserted his own name instead of that of *Thetis*.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis Plato asks your aid.

If we credit the ancients, it was the discontentment his own poetry gave him, that raised in him all the indignation he afterwards expressed against the art itself. In which (say they) he behaved like those lovers, who speak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon.*

Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
 (My aukward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
 She, and *Eurynome*, my griefs redrest, 465
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
 Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought,

V. 461. *Thetis* (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim, &c.] *Vulcan* throws by his work to perform *Thetis*'s request, who had laid former obligations upon him; the Poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude should take place of all other concerns.

The motives which should engage a God in a new work in the night-time upon a suit of armour for a mortal, ought to be strong; and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: Besides, they afford at the same time a noble occasion for *Homer* to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of *Vulcan*, or fire (according to *Heraclides*) is this. His father is *Jupiter*, or the *Æther*, his mother *Juno*, or the *Air*, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightning, or otherwise. He is said to be lame, that is, to want support, because he cannot subsist without the continual subsistence of fuel. The æthereal fire *Homer* calls *Sol* or *Jupiter*, the inferior *Vulcan*; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is subject to decay, and is restored by accession of materials. *Vulcan* is said to fall from heaven, because at first, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not so frequent, men prepared instruments of brass, by which they collected the beams of the sun; or else they gained it from accidental lightning, that set fire to some combustible matter. *Vulcan* had perished when he fell from heaven, unless *Thetis* and *Eurynome* had received him; that is, unless he had been preserved by falling into some convenient receptacle, or subterranean place; and so was afterwards distributed for the common necessities of mankind. To understand these strange explications, it must be known that *Thetis* is derived from *τιθημι* to lay up, and *Eurynome* from *εὐρύς* and *νομή*, a wide distribution. They are called Daughters of the ocean, because the vapours and exhalations of the sea forming themselves into clouds, find nourishment for lightnings.

Nine

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
 Secure I lay conceal'd from Man and God : 470
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
 Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
 For such desert what service can I pay ?
 Vouchsafe, O *Thetis* ! at our board to share 475
 The genial rites, and hospitable fare ;
 While I the labours of the forge forego,
 And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.
 Then from his anvil the lame artist rose ;
 Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes, 480
 And fills the bellows, and (in order laid)
 Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
 Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
 His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
 With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red alive, 485
 Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the fire :
 The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
 That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold ;

To

V. 488. *Two female forms,*

That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold.]

It is very probable, that *Homer* took the idea of these from the statues of *Dædalus*, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it should seem, that the excellency of *Dædalus* consisted in what we call clock-work, or the

ma-

BOOK XVIII. *HOMER'S ILLAD.* 85

To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n
Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n!) 490

On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive *Thetis* sat;
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls, 495
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walks?
'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the command to say,
And *Vulcan*'s joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes) 500

O *Vulcan*! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did *Jove* prepare
For *Thetis* only such a weight of care?

I, only I, of all the watry race, 505

By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays

The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,

The bravest sure that ever bore the name; 510

management of moving figures by springs, rather than in sculpture or imagery: And accordingly, the fable of his sitting wings to himself and his son, is formed intirely upon the foundation of the former.

Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
 To *Troy* I sent him! but his native shore
 Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
 (Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe) 515
 Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
 Robb'd of the prize, the *Grecian* suffrage gave,
 The King of nations forc'd his royal slave:
 For this he griev'd; and 'till the *Greeks* oppress,
 Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredress. 520
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
 In vain — He arms not, but permits his friend
 His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;
 He marches, combates, almost conquers *Troy*:
 Then slain by *Phœbus* (*Hector* had the name) 525
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.

But

V. 517. *Robb'd of the prize, &c.*] *Thetis* to compass her design, recounts every thing to the advantage of her son; she therefore suppresses the episode of the embassy, the prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the *Greeks* had suffered after the return of the ambassadors; and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had followed each other in the same moment. He declined, says she, to succour the *Greeks*, but he sent *Patroclus*. Now between his refusing to help the *Greeks*, and his sending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending *Vulcan* with the recital of *Achilles*'s inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an aversion to her son. *Eustatius*.

V. 525. *Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)*] It is a passage worth taking notice of, that *Brutus* is said to have consulted the *Sortes Homericae*, and to have drawn one of these lines, wherein
 the

But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won :
 Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,
 To shine with glory, 'till he shines no more ! 530
 To her the Artift-god. Thy griefs resign,
 Secure, what *Vulcan* can, is ever thine.
 O could I hide him from the fates as well,
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
 As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze, 535
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze !
 Thus having said, the father of the fires
 To the black labours of his forge retires.

Soon

the death of *Patroclus* is ascribed to *Apollo* : After which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God for the word of battel. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by some of the ancients, tho' I forget where I met with it.

V. 537. *The father of the fires, &c.*] The ancients (says *Eustathius*) have largely celebrated the philosophical mysteries which they imagined to be shadowed under these descriptions, especially *Dame* (supposed the daughter of *Pythagoras*) whose explication is as follows. *Tbetis*, who receives the arms, means the apt order and disposition of all things in the creation. By the fire, and the wind raised by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire* the most active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are those *golden maids* that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular shield is the *world*, being of a spherical figure. The gold, the brass, the silver, and the tin, are the elements. Gold is fire; the firm brass is earth, the silver is air, and the soft tin, water. And thus far (say they) *Homer* speaks a little obscurely, but afterwards he names them expressly, *ἢ μὲν γαῖαν ἴτην, ἢ δ' ἕραν, ἢ δὲ θάλασσαν*, to which, for the fourth element, you must add *Vulcan*, who makes the shield. The extreme circle that run round the shield, which he calls *splendid* and *threesfold*, is the *Zodiack*; threesfold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; splendid, because the sun passes always through the midst

of

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
 Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd, 540
 Resounding breath'd: At once the blast expires,
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires;

of it. The silver handle by which the shield is fastened, at both extremities, is the *Axis* of the world, imagined to pass through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropick*, and the *Aquator*.

Heraclides Ponticus thus pursues the allegory. *Homer* (says he) makes the working of his shield, that is the world, to be begun by night; as indeed all matter lay undistinguish'd in an original and universal night; which is called *Chaos* by the poets.

To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, *Vulcan* presides over the work, or as we may say, an essential warmth: *All things*, says *Heraclitus*, being made by the operation of fire.

And because the architect is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the graces.

*On the broad shield the master's hand engraves
 The earth and seas beneath, the pole above,
 The sun unwearied, and the circled moon.*

Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the sun, the moon,

And all those stars that crown the skies with fire.

Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world; and though he could not particularly name the stars like *Aratus* (who professed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two allegorical cities, one of peace, the other of war; *Empedocles* seems to have taken from *Homer* his assertion, that all things had their original from *strife* and *friendship*.

All these refinements (not to call them absolute whimsies) I leave just as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *Learning* to have read them, but I fear it is *Folly* to quote them.

Just

Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd, 545
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
 The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
 His left with tongs turn'd the vex'd metal round,
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound. 550

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
 Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
 Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
 A silver chain suspends the massy round,
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555
 And god-like labours on the surface rose.

There shone the image of the master Mind:
 There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd;
 Th' unwear'd sun, the moon compleatly round;
 The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd; 560
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern team;
 And great *Orion's* more refulgent beam;
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The *Bear* revolving, points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain, 565
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two

V. 566. *Now bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The critics make use of this passage, to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of astronomy;

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war,

Here

astronomy; since he believed that the *Bear* was the only constellation which never bathed itself in the ocean, that is to say, that did not set, and was always visible; for, say they, this is common to other constellations of the arctic circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of *Cepheus*, &c. To salve *Homer*, *Aristotle* answers, That he calls it the only one, to shew that it is the only one of those constellations he had spoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *most known*. *Strabo* justifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his first book: "Under the name of the *Bear* and the *Cbariot*, *Homer* comprehends all the arctic circle; for there being several other stars in that circle which never set, he could not say, that the *Bear* was the only one which did not bathe itself in the ocean; wherefore those are deceived, who accuse the poet of ignorance, as if he knew one *Bear* only, when there are two; for the lesser was not distinguished in his time. The *Phœnicians* were the first who observed it, and made use of it in their navigation; and the figure of that sign passed from them to the *Greeks*: The same thing happened in regard to the constellation of *Berenice's* hair, and that of *Canopus*, which received those names very lately; and as *Aratus* says well, there are several other stars which have no names. *Crates* was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct this passage, in putting *ὅλος* for *ὅτι*, for he tries to avoid that which there is no occasion to avoid. *Heracitus* did better, who put the *Bear* for the arctic circle, as *Homer* has done. The *Bear* (says he) is the limit of the rising and setting of the stars." Now it is the *Arctic circle*, and not the *Bear*, which is that limit. "It is therefore evident, that by the word *Bear*, which he calls the *Waggon*, and which he says observes *Orion*, he understands the arctic circle; that by the ocean he means the horizon where the stars rise and set; and by those words, which turns in the same place, and doth not bathe itself in the ocean, he shews that the arctic circle is the most northern part of the horizon, &c." *Dacier* on *Arist.*

Monf. Terrasson combates this passage with great warmth. But it will be a sufficient vindication of our Author to say, that some other constellations, which are likewise perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where *Homer* writ, were not at that time discovered; and that whether *Homer* knew that the *Bear's* not setting was occasioned by the latitude, and that in a smaller latitude it would set, is of no consequence; for if he had known it, it was still more poetical not to take notice of it.

V. 567.

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and *Hymenæal* rite; 570
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed :
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound :
Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row, 575
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the *Forum* swarm a num'rous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain :
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bad the publick and the laws decide : 580

V. 567. *Two cities, &c.*] In one of these cities are represented all the advantages of *peace* : And it was impossible to have chosen two better emblems of peace, than *Marriages* and *Justice*. It is said this city was *Athens*, for marriages were first instituted there by *Cærops* ; and judgment upon murder was first founded there. The ancient state of *Attica* seems represented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them : for *Triptolemus* who reigned there, was the first who sowed corn : This was the imagination of *Agallias Cereyrenus*, as we find him cited by *Eusebius*.

V. 579. *The fine discharg'd.*] Murder was not always punished with death, or so much as banishment ; but when some fine was paid, the criminal was suffered to remain in the city. So *Iliad* 9.

—————Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνου
Ποιήν, ἣ δὲ παιδὸς ἰδίξατο τιθαιῶτος.
Καὶ ἔ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτῷ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας.

—————If a brother bleed,
On just atonement we remit the deed,
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives,
The price of blood discharg'd, the murder lives.

The

The witness is produc'd on either hand :

For this, or that, the partial people stand :

Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,

And form a ring, with scepters in their hands ;

On seats of stone, within the sacred place, 585

The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case ;

Alternate, each th' attesting scepter took,

And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.

Two golden talents lay amidst, in fight,

The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right. 590

Another part (a prospect diff'ring far)

Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.

[V. 590. *The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.*] Eustathius informs us, that it was anciently the custom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the best sentence. Mr. Dacier opposes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the person who upon the decision of the suit appeared to have the justest cause. The difference between these two customs, in the reason of the thing, is very great : For the one must have been an encouragement to justice, the other a provocation to dissention. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wisdom of the ancients, and of Homer in particular, not to chuse the former sense : And I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ablest judge, as well as the best practitioner, of equity, my Lord Harcourt, at whose seat I translated this book.

[V. 591. *Another part (a prospect diff'ring far) &c.*] The same Agallias cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleusina, but upon very slight reasons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of war are set before our eyes in this short compass. The several scenes are excellently disposed to represent the whole affair. Next is in the space of thirty lines, a siege, a sally, an ambush, the surprize of a convoy, and a battel ; with scarce a single circumstance proper to any of these, omitted.

Two

Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care, 595
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents on the turrets stand.
They march; by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold, 600
And gold their armour: These the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem 605
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And flocks flow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. 610
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And all, amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear; 615
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.

There

There tumult, there contention stood confest;
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast, 620
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye; 625
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
 A field deep furrow'd, next the God design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;

The

V. 619. *There tumult, &c.*] This is the first place in the whole description of the buckler, where *Homer* rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of Poetry; so natural it was for his imagination (now heated with the fighting scenes of the *Iliad*) to take fire when the image of a battel was presented to it.

V. 627. *A field deep furrow'd, &c.*] Here begin the descriptions of rural life, in which *Homer* appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpose to rival his contemporary *Hesiod*, on those very subjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occasion, I must take notice of that *Greek* poem, which is commonly ascrib'd to *Hesiod*, under the title of Ἀσπίς Ἡρακλέους. Some of the ancients mention such a work as *Hesiod*'s, but that amounts to no proof that this is the same: Which indeed ~~is~~ is an express poem upon the shield of *Hercules*, but a fragment of the story of that hero. What regards the shield is a manifest copy from this of *Achilles*; and consequently it is not of *Hesiod*. For if he was not more ancient, he was at least contemporary with *Homer*: And neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelessly from the other, not only the plan of intire descriptions, (as those of the marriage, the harvest, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but also whole verses together: Those of the *Parca*, in the battel, are repeated word for word,

— in δ' ὅλον Κῆρ,
 "Ἄλλοι ζῶνι ἔχουσα νέτατον, ἄλλοι ἄντοι,

"Ἄλλοι

The shining shares full many plowmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side. 630
Still

Ἄλλον τιθηνῶτα κατὰ μέθον ἔλκε ποδοῖν.
Εἴμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοίνιον αἵματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a sort of *Cento* composed out of *Homer's* verses. The reader need only cast an eye on these two descriptions, to see the vast difference of the original and the copy, and I dare say he will readily agree with the sentiment of *Monfieur Dacier*, in applying to them that famous verse of *Sannazarius*,

Illum hominem dices, hunc posuisse Deum.

V. id.] I ought not to forget the many apparent allusions to the descriptions on this shield, which are to be found in those pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of *Milton*: Who was doubtless fond of any occasion to shew, how much he was charmed with the beauty of all these lively images. He makes his angels paint those objects which he shews to *Adam*, in the colours, and almost the very strokes of *Homer*. Such is that passage of the harvest field,

*His eye be open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and till'd, whereon were sheaves
New-reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds.
In midst an altar, as the land-mark, stood,
Rusht, of grassy sord, &c.*

That of the marriages,

*They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen (then first to marriage rites invoc'd)
With feast and musick all the tents resound.*

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a translation of our author.

*One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of bees, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,*

Ewel

Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
 Then back the turning plow shares cleave the soil:
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd, 635
 And sable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
 With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
 Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swaths are found,
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground. 640
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
 The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands;
 And last the children, in whose arms are born
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.

*Ewes and their bleating lambs, across the plain,
 Their booty: Scarce with life the shepherds fly,
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray,
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join
 Where cattel pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
 With carcasses and arms th' ensanguin'd field
 Deserted.——Others to a city strong
 Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine.
 Assaulting; others from the wall descend
 With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulph'rous fire:
 On each band slaughter and gigantic deeds.
 In other part the scatter'd heralds call
 To council in the city gates: anon
 Grey-beaded men and grave, with warriors mixt,
 Assemble, and barangues are heard——*

The

BOOK XVIII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 97

The rustic monarch of the field descries 645

With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,

Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.

The victim-ox the sturdy youth prepare ;

The reaper's due repast, the womens care. 650

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,

Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines ;

A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,

And curl'd on silver props, in order glow :

A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place ; 655

And pales of glitt'ring tin th' inclosure grace.

To this, one path-way gently winding leads,

Where march a train with baskets on their heads,

(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear,

The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660

To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,

Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings ;

In

V. 645. *The rustic monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his services. It was in no respect unworthy such a person, in those days, to see his harvest got in, and to overlook his reapers: It is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, such as they are describ'd to us in the holy scriptures.

V. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verse in the original: That which I have chosen is confirmed by the testimony of *Herodotus*, lib. 2. and *Pausanias*, *Bæoticis*. *Linus* was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure amongst the *Grecians*; He past for the son

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of

In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold 665
Rear high their horns, and seem to lowe in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars :
Four golden herdfmen as their guardians stand,
And nine four dogs complete the rustic band. 670
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd ;
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd :
He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood,
They tore his flesh, and drank the fable blood.

of *Apollo* or *Mercury*, and was præceptor to *Hercules*, *Thamyris* and *Orpheus*. There was a solemn custom among the *Greeks* of bewailing annually the death of their first poet : *Pausanias* informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the muses on mount *Helicon*, the obsequies of *Linus* were performed, who had a statue, and an altar erected to him, in that place. *Homer* alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of poetry. *Virgil* has done the same in that fine celebration of him, *Eclg.* 6.

*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurrexerit omnis ;
♦ Ut Linus hæc illi, divino carmine, pastor
(Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
Dixeris ——— sec.*

And again in the fourth *Eclogue* ;

*Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus ; huic mater quamvis utque huic pater adstet,
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.*

BOOK XVIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 99

The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) desert the prey, 675
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of *Vulcan* leads
Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads :
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cotts between ;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene. 680

A figur'd dance succeeds : Such one was seen
In lofty *Gniffus*, for the *Cretan Queen*,
Form'd by *Dædalean* art. A comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand ;
The maids in soft cymarrs of linen dress ; 685
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest ;
Of those the locks with flow'ry wreath inroll'd,
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,

V. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two sorts of dances, the *Pyrrbick* and the common dance: *Homer* has joined both in this description. We see the *Pyrrbick*, or military, is performed by the youths who have swords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient scholiasts say, that whereas before it was the custom of men and women to dance separately, the contrary custom was afterwards brought in, by seven youths, and as many virgins, who were sav'd by *Theseus* from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by *Dædalus*: To which *Homer* here alludes. See *Dion. Halic. Hist. l. 7. c. 68.*

It is worth observing that the *Grecian* dance is still performed in this manner in the *oriental* nations: The youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly; by degrees the musick plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness: And towards the conclusion, they sing (as it is said here) in a general chorus.

That glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend. *

Now all at once they rise, at once descend, 690

With well-taught feet : Now shape, in oblique ways,

Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :

Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,

And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :

So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost, 695

And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.

The gazing multitudes admire around ;

Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;

Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,

And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end. 700

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd

With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :

In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,

And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires 705

He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshone the fires,

The greaves of ductile tin the helm impress

With various sculpture, and the golden crest.

[V. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.*] *Vulcan* was the God of fire, and passes over this part of the description negligently ; for which reason *Virgil* (to take a different walk) makes half his description of *Aeneas's* buckler consist in a sea-fight. For the same reason he has laboured the sea-piece among his *Games*, more than any other, because *Homer* had described nothing of this kind at the funeral of *Patroclus*.

At

At *Thetis'* feet the finish'd labour lay,
 She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way, 710
 Swift from *Olympus'* snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD of *ACHILLES*.

THE Poet intending to shew in its full lustre, his genius for description, makes choice of this interval from action and the leisure of the night, to display that talent at large in the famous buckler of *Achilles*. His intention was no less than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compass of this shield. We see first the universe in general; the heavens are spread, the stars are hung up, the earth is stretch'd forth, the seas are poured round: We next see the world in a nearer and more particular view: the cities delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of those labours, in the harvests and the vintages; the pastoral life in its pleasures and its dangers: In a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diversions of mankind. This noble and comprehensive design he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients: And how right an idea they had of this grand design, may be judged from that verse of *Ovid*, *Met.* 13. where he calls it,

———*Clypeus vasti cœlatus imagine mundi.*

It is indeed astonishing, how after this, the arrogance of some moderns could unfortunately chuse the noblest part of the noblest poet

poet for the object of their blind censures. Their criticisms, however just enough upon other parts, yet, when employ'd on this buckler, are to the utmost weak and impotent.

——— *postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est*
Mortalis mucro, glacies seu futilis, ista
Diffiluit———

I design to give the reader the sum of what has been said on this subject. First, a reply to the loose and scattered objections of the critics, by M. *Dacier*: Then the regular plan and distribution of the shield by Mons. *Boivin*: And lastly, I shall attempt, what has not yet been done, to consider it as a work of *painting*, and prove it in all respects conformable to the most just ideas and established rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (says M. *Dacier*) of these arms of *Achilles*, to be still the occasion of quarrels and disputes. *Julius Scaliger* was the first who appeared against this part, and was followed by a whole herd. These object in the first place, that 'tis impossible to represent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn also the subject, which they say is trivial, and not well understood. 'Tis certain that *Homer* speaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: And some of the ancients taking his expressions to the strickness of the letter, did really believe that they had all sorts of motion. *Eusebius* shew'd the absurdity of that sentiment by a passage of *Homer* himself; "That poet, says he, to shew that his figures are not animated, as some have pretended by an excessive affection for the prodigious, took care to say that they *moved and fought*, as if they were living men." The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of *Aristotle*: For they thought the poet could not make his description more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, (since as *Aristotle* says) the *original should always excel the copy*. That shield is the work of a God: 'Tis the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impossible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this *Homer* would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore 'tis without any necessity *Eusebius* adds, "That 'tis possible all those figures did not stick close to the shield, but that they were detached from it, and moved by springs, in such a manner that they appeared to have motion; as *Æschylus* has feigned something like it, in his *seven captains against Thebes*." But without having recourse to that conjecture, we can shew that there is nothing more simple and natural than the description of that shield, and there is not one word which *Homer* might not have said of it, if it had been the work of

a man; for there is a great deal of difference between the work itself, and the description of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame *Homer*. They say he describes two towns on his shield which *speak different languages*. 'Tis the *Latin* translation, and not *Homer* that says so; the word *μυρόφων*, is a common epithet of men, and which signifies only, that they have an *articulate voice*. These towns could not speak different languages, since, as the ancients have remarked, they were *Athens* and *Eleusina*, both which spake the same language. But tho' that epithet should signify, *which spoke different languages*, there would be nothing very surprizing; for *Virgil* said what *Homer* it seems must not:

—*Victæ longo ordine gentes,*
Quam variæ linguis.—————Æn 8.

If a painter should put into a picture one town of *France* and another of *Flanders*, might not one say they were two towns which spake different languages.

Homer (they tell us) says in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: He only says, *two men pleaded*, that is, were represented pleading. Was not the same said by *Pliny* of *Nicomachus*, that he had painted two *Greeks*, which spake one after another? Can we express ourselves otherwise of these two arts, which tho' they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of *Raphael* or *Poussin*, can we prevent animating the figures, in making them speak conformably to the design of the painter? But how could the engraver represent those young shepherds and virgins that dance first in a ring, and then in setts? Or those troops which were in ambuscade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his persons appear in different circumstances. All the objections against the young man who sings at the same time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilst he is devoured by a lion, and against the musical consorts, are childish; for we can never speak of painting if we banish those expressions. *Pliny* says of *Apelles*, that he painted *Clytus* on horseback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his squire: Of *Aristides*, that he drew a beggar whom he could almost understand, *pene cum voce*: Of *Ctesilochus*, that he had painted *Jupiter* bringing forth *Bacchus*, and crying out like a woman, & *muliebriter ingemiscentem*: And of *Nicearchus*, that he had drawn a piece, in which *Hercules* was seen very melancholy on reflection of his madness, *Herculem tristem, insaniam pœnitentiâ*. No one sure will condemn those ways of expression which are so common. The same author has said much more of *Apelles*: he tells us, he painted those things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non possunt*: And of *Timantus*, that in all his works there was something more understood,

understood than was seen; and though there was all the art imaginable, yet there was still more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur; Et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est.* If we take the pains to compare these expressions with those of *Homer*, we shall find him altogether excusable in his manner of describing the buckler.

We come now to the matter. If this shield (says a modern critic) had been made in a wiser age, it would have been more correct and less charged with objects. There are two things which cause the censurers to fall into this false criticism: The first is, that they think the shield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the design of the Poet, and imagined this description was only the whimsey of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never so much as entered into the intention of the poet, nor knew the shield was designed as a representation of the universe.

It is happy that *Virgil* has made a buckler for *Æneas*, as well as *Homer* for *Achilles*. The Latin poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to accommodate those things which time had changed, so as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his shield with a great deal more work, since he paints all the actions of the Romans from *Ascanius* to *Augustus*; but has not avoided any of those manners of expression which offend the critics. We see there the wolf of *Romulus* and *Remus*, who gives them her dugs one after another, *mulcare alternos, Et corpora fingere lingua*: The rape of the *Sabines*, and the war which followed it, *subitoque novum consurgere bellum*: *Metius* torn by four horses, and *Tullus* who draws his entrails through the forest: *Porfenna* commanding the Romans to receive *Tarquin*, and besieging *Rome*: The geese flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their cries of the attack of the Gauls,

*Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.*

We see the *Salian* dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the blessed, where *Caio* presides: We see the famous battel of *Actium*, where we may distinguish the captains: *Agrippa* with the Gods, and the winds favourable; and *Anthony* leading on all the forces of the *East*, *Ægypt*, and the *Bastrians*: The fight begins, the sea is red with blood, *Cleopatra* gives the signal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Systrum*. *Patria vocat agmina Systro*. The Gods, or rather the monsters of *Ægypt*, fight against *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Minerva*, *Mars*, and *Apollo*: We see *Anthony's* fleet beaten, and the *Nile* sorrowfully opening his bosom to receive the conquered: *Cleopatra* looks pale and almost dead at the thought

of that death she had already determined; nay, we see the very wind *Iapis*, which hastens her flight: We see the three triumphs of *Augustus*; that Prince consecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with Ladies offering up sacrifices, *Augustus* sitting at the entrance of *Apollo's* temple, receives presents, and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations pass by, who speak different languages, and are differently equipped and armed.

— *Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variae linguis, habitu tum vestis & armis.*

Nothing can better justify *Homer*, or shew the wisdom and judgment of *Virgil*: He was charmed with *Achilles's* shield, and therefore would give the same ornament to his poem. But as *Homer* had painted the universe, he was sensible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and shew what the descendant of his hero should perform; and he was not afraid to go beyond *Homer*, because there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the critics say, that this is justifying one fault by another; I desire they would agree among themselves: For *Scaliger*, who was the first that condemned *Homer's* shield, admires *Virgil's*. But suppose they should agree, it would be foolish to endeavour to persuade us, that what *Homer* and *Virgil* have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taste should prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's self to answer men, who shew so little reason in their criticisms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to ascribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are answered by *Mons. Dacier*. Since when, some others have been started, as that the objects represented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with *Thetis* who procured it, *Vulcan* who made it, or *Achilles* for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the representation of the sea was agreeable enough to *Thetis*; that the spheres and celestial fires were so to *Vulcan*; (though the truth is, any piece of workmanship was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town besieged, a battel, and an ambuscade, were objects sufficiently proper for *Achilles*. But after all, where was the necessity that they should be so? They had at least been as fit for one hero as another: And *Aeneas*, as *Virgil* tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his shield:

Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet.

II. But

II. But still the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed the most, is, that the shield is crowded with such a multiplicity of figures, as could not possibly be represented in the compass of it. The late dissertation of Mons. Boivin has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleasure to be convinced of it by ocular demonstration, in the print annexed.

This author supposes the buckler to have been perfectly round: He divides the convex surface into four concentrick circles.

The circle next the center contains the globe of the earth and the sea, in miniature: he gives this circle the dimension of three inches.

The second circle is allotted for the heavens and the stars: he allows the space of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third shall be eight inches distant from the second. The space between these two circles shall be divided into twelve compartments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: And the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is sufficient to represent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All these together make but four foot in the whole in diameter. The print of these circles and divisions will serve to prove, that the figures will neither be crowded nor confused, if disposed in the proper place and order.

As to the size and figure of the shield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the Trojan war there were shields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of Ajax is often compared to a tower, and in the sixth *Iliad* that of Hector is described to cover him from the shoulders to the ankles.

Ἄμφι δὲ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινόν

Ἄλυσξ ἢ πυμάτη θίεν ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοείσης. V. 117.

In the second verse of the description of this buckler of Achilles, it is said that Vulcan cast round it a radiant circle,

Περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν. V. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἄντυξ as well signifies oval as circular, it may be answered, that the circular figure better agrees to the spheres represented in the center, and to the course of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four foot diameter to this buckler: As one may suppose a larger size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the breast and arm of a man of a stature so large as Achilles.

In

In allowing four foot diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confusion, all the objects which *Homer* mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are represented; but the reader may easily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the criticks are not yet satisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal sense the words πάντοτε δαίδαλλον, with which *Homer* begins his description, and the buckler may be supposed to be engraven on both sides, which supposition will double the size of each piece: The one side may serve for the general description of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now shewn, that the shield of *Homer* is blameless as to its design and disposition, and that the subject (so extensive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vast unproportioned heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartments: What remains, is to consider this piece as a complete idea of painting, and a sketch for what one may call an *universal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reason to believe that *Homer* did in this, as he has done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very observable, that there is scarce a species or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether history, battel-painting, landskip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, &c.

I think it possible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally supposed by those who have written upon it. *Pliny* expressly says, that it was not known in the time of the *Trojan* war. The same author, and others, represent it in a very imperfect state in *Greece*, in or near the days of *Homer*. They tell us of one painter, that he was the first who began to shadow; and of another, that he filled his outlines only with a single colour, and that laid on every where alike: But we may have a higher notion of the art, from those descriptions of statues, carvings, tapestries, sculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he says of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itself. If we consider how much it is his constant practice to confine himself to the custom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and sculpture must have been then in great practice and repute.

The shield is not only describ'd as a piece of sculpture but of painting: the outlines may be supposed engraved, and the rest enameled, or inlaid with various coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly

plainly distinguished by *Homer*, where he speaks of the blackness of the new opened earth, of the several colours of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that *Vulcan* is feigned to cast into the furnace, were sufficient to afford all the necessary colours: But if to those which are natural to the metals, we add also those which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we shall find, that *Vulcan* had as great a variety of colours to make use of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing colours by fire, was practised very anciently, may be conjectured from what *Diodorus* reports of one of the walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*, that the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, so as to represent all sorts of animals, lib. 2. cap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made use of ordinary colours for the representation of objects, before they learned to represent them by such as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more easy and obvious than the other, and that sort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The same inference will be farther enforced from the works of tapestry, which the women of those times interwaved with many colours; as appears from the description of that veil which *Hecuba* offers to *Minerva* in the sixth *Iliad*, and from a passage in the twenty second, where *Andromache* is represented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They must certainly have known the use of colours themselves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with these colours, and weaving those threads close to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing so much more easily performed by a pencil. This observation I owe to the Abbè *Fraguer*.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius so vast and comprehensive as that of *Homer*, might carry his views beyond the rest of mankind, and that in this buckler of *Achilles* he rather designed to give a scheme of what might be performed, than a description of what really was so: And since he made a God the artist, he might excuse himself from a strict confinement to what was known and practised at the time of the *Trojan* war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by strength of genius, (though the latter be more glorious for *Homer*) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to say, in the invention, the composition, the expression, &c.

The invention is shewn in finding and introducing, in every subject, the greatest, the most significant, and the most suitable objects. Accordingly in every single picture of the shield, *Homer* constantly finds out either those objects which are naturally the principal, those which most conduce to shew the subject, or those which set it in the liveliest and most agreeable light: These he never fails to dispose in the most advantageous manners, situations, and oppositions.

Next,

Next, we find all his figures differently *characterized*, in their expressions and attitudes, according to their several natures: The Gods (for instance) are distinguished in air, habit and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; masters from servants in the eighth; and so of the rest.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact observation of the *contrast*, not only between figure and figure, but between subject and subject. The city in peace is a contrast to the city in war: Between the siege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the sixth, a piece of passage is introduced, and rural scenes follow after. The country too is represented in war in the fifth, as well as in peace in the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are shewn in these two different states, in the tenth and eleventh. Where the subjects appear the same, he contrasts them some other way: Thus the first picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the second has a character of earnestness and sollicitude, in the dispute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the plowing is of a different character from the harvest, and that of the harvest from the vintage. In each of these there is a contrast of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: In the first, some are plowing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next we see the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the last, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with musick and a dance. The persons are no less varied, old and young men and women: There being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that those in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dress the supper being ordinary women, the others who carry baskets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: And these again are of an inferior character to those in the twelfth piece, who are distinguished as people of condition by a more elegant dress. There are three dances in the buckler; and these two are varied: That at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the last picture, a mingled one. Lastly, there is a manifest contrast in the colours; nay, even in the back grounds of the several pieces: For example, that of the plowing is of a dark tinct, that of the harvest yellow, that of the pasture green, and the rest in like manner.

That he was not a stranger to aerial *perspective*, appears in his expressly marking the distance of object from object: He tells us, for instance, that the two spies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak under which was spread the banquet of the reapers, stood *apart*: What he says of the valley sprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a description of a large country in perspective. And indeed, a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the shield; which could not be all expressed in their full magnitude: And this is therefore a sort of
proof

proof that the art of lessening them according to perspective was known at that time.

What the critics call the *three unities*, ought in reason as much to be observed in a picture as in a play; each should have only *one principal action*, *one instant of time*, and *one point of view*. In this method of examination also, the shield of *Homer* will bear the test: He has been more exact than the greatest painters, who have often deviated from one or other of these rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartment) it will appear,

First, that there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no supernumerary figures or actions are introduced. This will answer all that has been said of the confusion and croud of figures on the shield, by those who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, that no action is represented in one piece, which could not happen in the same instant of time. This will overthrow the objection against so many different actions appearing in one shield; which, in this case, is as much absurd as to object against so many of *Raphael's Cartons* appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, it will be manifest that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be seen in one point of view. Hereby the *Abbè Terrasson's* whole Criticism will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, stars and sea, with the particular prospects of towns, fields, &c. could never be seen all at once. *Homer* was incapable of so absurd a thought, nor could these heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been seen together from one point; for the constellations and the full moon, for example, could never be seen at once with the sun. But the celestial bodies were placed on the bosom, as the ocean at the margin of the shield: These were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: In the same manner as the divisions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the discretion of the painter, with foliage, architecture, grotesque, or what he pleases: However his judgment will be still more commendable, if he contrives to make even these extrinsic parts, to bear some allusion to the main design: It is this which *Homer* has done, in placing a sort of sphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was so expressly intended to represent the universe.

I proceed now to the detail of the shield; in which the words of *Homer* being first translated, an attempt will be made to shew with what exact order all that he describes may enter into the composition, according to the rules of painting.



T H E
SHIELD of *ACHILLES*.

Divided into several Parts,

The Boss of the SHIELD.

VERSE 483. *Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] Here Vulcan represented the earth, the heaven, the sea, the indefatigable course of the sun, the moon in her full, all the celestial signs that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly called the Wain, the only constellation which, never bathing itself in the ocean, turns about the pole, and observes the course of Orion:*

The sculpture of these resembled somewhat of our terrestrial and celestial Globes, and took up the center of the shield: 'Tis plain by the huddle in which *Homer* expresses this, that he did not describe it as a picture for a point of sight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartments, each being a separate picture: as follows.

First Compartment. *A Town in Peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δῶα πόλιν τε πόλιν τε, &c.] He engraved two cities; in one of them were represented nuptials and festivals. The spouses from their bridal chambers, were conducted through the town by the light of torches. Every mouth sung the hymenæal song: The youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance: The flute and the lyre resounded: The women, every one in the street, standing in the porches, beheld and admired.

of Achilles
describ'd in
18.th Iliad.



Tables.

ly of the People. 3. a Senate.
5. Shepherds and their
bat.
Vintage.

1844

1845

1846

1847

1848

1849

1850

1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

1857

1858

1859

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: The dance in circles, and musicians behind them: The street in perspective on either side, the women and spectators in the porches, &c. dispersed through all the architecture.

Second Compartment. *An Assembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δ' ἐν αἴγῳ, &c.] *There was seen a number of people in the market-place, and two men disputing warmly: The occasion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have received; both demanded, that the affair should be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: The acclamations of the multitude favoured sometimes the one party, sometimes the other.*

Here is a fine plan for a master-piece of expression, any judge of painting will see our author has chosen that cause which, of all others, would give occasion to the greatest variety of expression: The father, the murderer, the witnesses, and the different passions of the assembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to Raphael himself.

Third Compartment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, &c.] *The heralds ranged the people in order: The reverend elders were seated on seats of polished stone, in the sacred circle; they rose up and declared their judgment, each in his turn, with the sceptre in his hand: Two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who should pronounce the most equitable judgment.*

The judges are seated in the center of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) standing up as speaking, another in an action of rising, as in order to speak: The ground about them a prospect of the Forum, fill'd with auditors and spectators.

Fourth Compartment. *A Town in war.*

Τῆς δ' ἐπείρου πόλιν, &c.] *The other city was besieged by two glittering armies: They were not agreed whether to sack the town, or divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to be shared between them: Mean time the besieged secretly armed themselves for an ambuscade. Their wives, children, and old men were posted to defend their walls: The warriors marched from the town with Pallas and Mars at their head: The deities were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which they*

they were distinguished above the men, as well as by their superior stature and more elegant proportions.

This subject may be thus disposed: The town pretty near the eye, across the whole picture, with the old men on the walls: The chiefs of each army on the fore-ground: Their different opinions for putting the town to the sword, or sparing it on account of the booty, may be express'd by some having their hands on their swords, and looking up to the city, others stopping them, or in an action of persuading against it. Behind, in prospect, the townsmen may be seen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear instance of what the ancients always practised; the distinguishing the Gods and Goddesses by characters of majesty or beauty somewhat superior to nature; we constantly find this in their statues, and to this the modern masters owe the grand taste in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartment. *An Ambuscade.*

Οἱ δ' ὕπνῳ δὴ εἰ ἴκασον, &c.] *Being arrived at the river where they designed their ambush (the place where the cattle were watered) they disposed themselves along the bank, covered with their arms: Two Spies lay at a distance from them, observing when the oxen and sheep should come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two shepherds, who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehension of their danger.*

This quiet picture is a kind of *Repose* between the last and the following active pieces. Here is a scene of a river and trees, under which lie the soldiers, next the eye of the spectator; on the farther bank are placed the two spies on one hand, and the flocks and shepherds appear coming at a greater distance on the other.

Sixth Compartment. *The Battel.*

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προΐδοντες, &c.] *The people of the town rushed upon them, carried off the oxen and sheep, and killed the shepherds. The besiegers sitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their horses, arrived at the bank of the river; where they stopp'd, and encounter'd each other with their spears. Discord, tumult, and fate rag'd in the midst of them. There might you see cruel Destiny dragging a dead soldier through the battel; two others she seized alive; one of which was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt: The garment on her shoulders was stained with human blood: The figures appeared as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragged off their dead.*

The

The sheep and two shepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battel-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parca* or *Destiny* is the principal. This had been a noble occasion for such a painter as *Reubens*, who has, with most happiness and learning, imitated the ancients in these fictitious and symbolical persons.

Seventh Compartment. *Tillage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν.] *The next piece represented a large field, a deep and fruitful soil, which seemed to have been three times plowed; the labourers appeared turning their plows on every side. As soon as they came to a land's end, a man presented them a bowl of wine; cheered with this, they turned, and worked down a new furrow, desirous to hasten to the next land's end. The field was of gold, but looked black behind the plows, as if it had really been turned up; the surprizing effect of the art of Vulcan.*

The plowmen must be represented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of *Homer* is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiously with some remarkable circumstance: The giving a cup of wine to the plowmen must occasion a fine expression in the faces.

Eighth Compartment. *The Harvest.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τίμνωρ, &c.] *Next be represented a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with sharp sickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows: Three binders were employed in making up the sheaves: The boys attending them gathered up the loose swarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound: The lord of the field standing in the midst of the heaps, with a sceptre in his hand, rejoices in silence: His officers, at a distance, prepare a feast under the shade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be sacrificed; while the women mix the flour of wheat for the reapers supper.*

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the spectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The master of the field, who is the chief figure, may be set in the middle of the picture with a strong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his sceptre: The oak, with the servants under it, the sacrifice, &c. on a distant ground, would all together make a beautiful groupe of great variety.

Ninth

Ninth Compartment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἰτίθει σαφυλῆσι, &c.] He then engraved a vine-yard loaden with its grapes: The vine-yard was gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them silver. A trench of a dark metal, and the pali-sade of tin encompassed the whole vine-yard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vine-yard passed: Young men and maids carried the fruit in woven baskets: In the middle of them a youth played on the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, as he sung to the strings (or as he sung the song of Linus:) The rest striking the ground with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and accompanied his voice with their own.

The vintage scarce needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids towards the eye, as coming out of the vine-yard: The inclosure, pales, gate, &c. on the fore-ground. There is something inexpressibly riant in this piece, above all the rest.

Tenth Compartment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε Βούων, &c.] He graved a herd of oxen marching with their heads erected; these oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) seemed to bellow as they quitted their stall, and run in haste to the meadows, through which a rapid river rolled with resounding streams amongst the rushes: Four herdsmen of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two terrible lions seized a bull by the throat, who roared as they dragged him along; the dogs and the herdsman ran to his rescue, but the lions having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his blood. The herdsman came up with their dogs, and hearten'd them in vain; they durst not attack the lions, but standing at some distance, barked at them, and spurn'd them.

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and savage: But what is remarkable, is, that these animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: The herds, dogs and lions are put into action, enough to exercise the warmth and spirit of Rubens, or the great taste of *Julio Romano*.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: A herdsman or two heartening the dogs: All these on the fore-ground. On the second ground another groupe of oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their heads and running; other herdsman and dogs after them: And beyond them, a prospect of the river.

Eleventh

Eleventh Compartment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ ποσσὶν, &c.] The divine artist then engraved a large flock of white sheep feeding along a beautiful valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and inclosed shelters, were scattered through the prospect.

This is an intire landscape without human figures, an image of nature solitary and undisturbed: The deepest repose and tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartment. *The Dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορῶν, &c.] The skilful Vulcan then designed the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which Dædalus of old contrived in Gnoſſus for the fair Ariadne. There the young men and maidens danced band in band; the maidens were dressed in linen garments, the men in rich and shining stuffs: The maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men had swords of gold hanging from their sides in belts of silver. Here they seem to run in a ring with active feet, as swiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the band of the potter. There, they appeared to move in many figures, and sometimes to meet, sometimes to wind from each other. A multitude of spectators stood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle row, nimble tumblers exercised themselves in feats of activity, while the song was carried on by the whole circle.

This picture includes the greatest number of persons: Homer himself has group'd them, and marked the manner of the composition. This piece would excel in the different airs of beauty which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: On which account the subject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

Ἐν δ' ἰριδιῇ ποταμοῖο, &c.] Then lastly, he represented the rapid course of the great ocean, which he made to roll its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.

This (as has been said before) was only the Frame to the whole Shield, and is therefore but slightly touch'd upon, without any mention of particular objects,

I ought not to end this essay, without vindicating myself from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love so much better than I understand : But I have been very careful to consult both the best performers and judges in Painting. I can't neglect this occasion of saying, how happy I think myself in the favour of the most distinguished masters of that art. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* in particular allows me to tell the world, that he intirely agrees with my sentiments on this subject : And I can't help wishing that he who gives this testimony to *Homer*, would ennoble so great a design by his own execution of it. *Vulcan* never wrought for *Thetis* with more readiness and affection, than Sir *Godfrey* has done for me : And so admirable a picture of the whole universe could not be a more agreeable present than he has obliged me with, in the Portraits of some of those persons, who are to me the dearest objects in it.



THE



THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





The A R G U M E N T.

The reconciliation of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: The speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

T H E



R. K. all sculps

*Thetis brings Achilles new Armour w^{ch} she procur'd Vulcan
to make for him: Upon w^{ch} he waxes his Anger a gainst Ag
amemnon, & prepares to revenge the Death of his Friend. B. 19.*

*Thetis brings
to make for him
amemnon, & Agamemnon*



THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

S OON as *Aurora* heav'd her orient head,
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal fight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears 5
Swift to her son: Her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er *Patroclus*' corse: while all the rest
Their Sov'reign's sorrows in their own express.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, *Thetis* said. 10

VOL. V.

F

Suppress

122. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* Book XIX.

' Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow ;
Behold what arms by *Vulcan* are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground ; 15
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around :
Back shrink the *Myrmidons* with dread surprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow ; 20
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire :
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine 25
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battel let me bend :
But ah ! the relicks of my ſlaughter'd friend !

V. 13. *Behold what arms, &c.*] It is not poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero ; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the ſecond of *Macca-bees*, chap. 16. *Judas* ſees in a dream the prophet *Jeremiah* bringing to him a ſword as from God : Though this was only a dream or a viſion, yet ſtill it is the ſame idea. This example is likewiſe ſo much the more worthy of obſervation, as it is much later than the age of *Homer* ; and as thereby it is ſeen, that the ſame way of thinking continued a long time amongſt the oriental nations. *Dacier*.

In

In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead? 30

That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)

V. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?* The care which *Achilles* takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of *Patroclus*, seems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by *Homer*, and by all the *Greeks* of his time, as a pious duty consecrated by custom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceased to watch his corps, and prevent any corruption before the solemn day of his funerals. It is plain this duty was thought an indispensable one, since *Achilles* could not discharge himself of it but by imposing it upon his Mother. It is also clear, that in those times the preservation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, since the Goddesses themselves, nay the most delicate of the Goddesses, made it the subject of their utmost attention. As *Thetis* preserves the body of *Patroclus*, and chases from it those insects that breed in the wounds and cause putrefaction, so *Venus* is employed day and night about that of *Hector*, in driving away the dogs to which *Achilles* had exposed it. *Apollo*, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preserves its freshness amidst the greatest heats of the sun: And this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this passage in *Bossu's* admirable treatise of the epic poem, lib. 3. c. 10. "To speak (says this Author) of the arts and sciences as a poet ought, we should veil them under names and actions of persons, fictitious and allegorical. *Homer* will not plainly say that salt has the virtue to preserve dead bodies, and prevent the flies from engendering worms in them; he will not say, that the sea presented *Achilles* a remedy to preserve *Patroclus* from putrefaction; but he will make the sea a Goddess, and tell us, that *Thetis* to comfort *Achilles*, engaged to perfume the body with an Ambrosia which should keep it a whole year from corruption: It is thus *Homer* teaches the poets to speak of arts and sciences. This example shews the nature of the things, that flies cause putrefaction, that salt preserves bodies from it; but all this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the sea is made a person who speaks and acts, and this *prosepopæia* is accompanied with passion, tenderness, and affection; in a word, there is nothing which is not (according to *Aristotle's* precept) ended with manners."

Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd shall remain

Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.

But go, *Achilles*, (as affairs require) 35

Before the *Grecian* Peers renounce thine ire:

Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,

And heav'n with strength supply the mighty rage!

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd

Nectareous drops, and rich Ambrosia shower'd 40

O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,

Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.

Achilles to the strand obedient went:

The shores resounded with the voice he sent.

The heroes heard, and all the naval train 45

That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,

Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,

Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;

Studious to see that terror of the plain,

Long lost to battel, shine in arms again. 50

Iydides and *Ulysses* first appear,

Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;

These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,

The King of men, *Atrides* came the last:

He too sore wounded by *Agenor's* son. 55

Achilles (rising in the midst) begun.

O Monarch! better far had been the fate

Of thee, of me, of all the *Grecian* state,

If

F (e'er the day when by mad passion sway'd,
 Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid) 60
 Preventing *Dian* had dispatch'd her dart,
 And shot the shining mischief to the heart !
 Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
 Nor *Troy's* glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
 Long, long shall *Greece* the woes we caus'd, bewail, 65
 And sad posterity repeat the tale.
 But this, no more the subject of debate,
 Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
 Why should (alas) a mortal man, as I,
 Burn with a fury that can never die ? 70
 Here then my anger ends: Let war succeed,
 And ev'n as *Greece* has bled, let *Ilium* bleed.

V. 61. *Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart;
 And shot the shining mischief to the heart.*

Achilles wishes *Briseïs* had died before she had occasioned so great calamities to his countrymen: I will not say, to excuse him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wish is not so very barbarous as it may seem by the phrase to a modern reader. It is not, that *Diana* had actually killed her, as by a particular stroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this passage in *Odyss.* 15.

*When age and sickness have unnerw'd the strong,
 Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along,
 They bend the silver bows for sudden ill,
 And every shining arrow flies to kill.*

And he does not wish her death now, after she had been his mistress, but only that she had died, before he knew, or loved her.

Now call the hosts, and try, if in our fight,
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?

I deem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows, 75
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: His finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The *Greeks* accept, and shout *Pelides'* name.

When thus, not rising from his lofty throne
In state unmov'd, the King of men begun. 80

Hear me, ye sons of *Greece*! with silence hear!

And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause, 85
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.

Nor charge on me, ye *Greeks*, the dire debate:
Know, angry *Jove*, and all-compelling *Fate*,
With fell *Erinnyes*, urg'd my wrath that day
When from *Achilles'* arms I forc'd the prey. 90

What then could I, against the will of heav'n?

Not by myself, but vengeful *Ate* driv'n;
She, *Jove's* dread daughter, fated to infect
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.

Not

V. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.*] This speech of *Agamemnon*, consisting of little else than the long story of *Jupiter's* casting *Discord* out of heaven, seems odd enough at first sight; and does not indeed answer what I believe every reader expects, at the conference of these two Princes. Without excusing it from the justness and proper application

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads, 95
 But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
 Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
 Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
 Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
 And *Jove* himself, the Sire of Men and Gods, 100
 The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
 Deceiv'd by *Juno*'s wiles, and female art.

application of the allegory in the present case, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of *Agamemnon*, which is a mixture of haughtiness and cunning; he cannot prevail with himself any way to lessen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: Something he is obliged to say in publick, and not brooking directly to own himself in the wrong, he flurs it over with this tale. With what stateliness is it that he yields? "I was misled (says he) but I was misled like *Jupiter*. We invest you with our powers, take our troops and our treasures: Our royal promise shall be fulfilled, but be you pacified."

V. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infect
 The race of mortals*—————]

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a *Dæmon*, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing mischief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a *dæmon* of discord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy history. *St. Justin* will have it, that *Homer* attained to the knowledge thereof in *Egypt*, and that he had even read what *Isaiab* writes, chap. 14. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have seen the prophecy of *Isaiab*, because he lived 100 or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this passage the more observable. *Homer* therein bears authentick witness to the truth of the story, of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this testimony above 100 years before one of the greatest prophets spoke of it. *Dacier*.

For when *Alcmena's* nine long months were run,
 And *Jove* expected his immortal son ;
 To Gods and Goddesses th' unguly joy 105
 He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy :
 From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
 Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
 And fix dominion on the favour'd youth. 110
 The Thund'rer unsuspecting of the fraud,
 Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
 The joyful Goddess, from *Olympus'* height,
 Swift to *Acbaian Argos* bent her flight ;
 Scarce sev'n moons gone, lay *Sthenelus* his wife ; 115
 She push'd her ling'ring infant into life :
 Her charms *Alcmena's* coming labours stay,
 And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
 Then bids *Saturnius* bear his oath in mind ;
 " A youth (said she) of *Jove's* immortal kind 120
 " Is this day born : From *Sthenelus* he springs,
 " And claims thy promise to be King of Kings."
 Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd ;
 Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
 From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat, 125
 He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of Debate,
 The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
 Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more ;

And

And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
 From bright *Olympus* and the starry heav'n: 130
 Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
 Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
 Full oft' the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
 Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
 Ev'n thus, like *Jove* himself, was I misled, 135
 While raging *Hector* heap'd our camps with dead.
 What can the errors of my rage atone?
 My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
 This instant from the navy shall be sent.
 Whate'er *Ulysses* promis'd at thy tent: 140
 But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
 Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.
 O King of nations! whose superior sway
 (Returns *Achilles*) all our hosts obey!
 To keep or send the presents, be thy care; 145
 To us, 'tis equal: All we ask is war.
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone.

V. 145. *To keep or send the presents be thy care.*] *Achilles* neither refuses nor demands *Agamemnon's* presents: The first would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too selfish. It would seem as if *Achilles* fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and dishonourable to that character: *Homer* is wonderful as to the manners. *Spond. Dacier.*

Let ev'ry *Greek*, who fees my spear confound
 The *Trojan* ranks, and deal destruction round, 150
 With emulation, what I act, survey,
 And learn from thence the business of the day.

The son of *Peleus* thus: And thus replies
 The great in councils, *Irbacus* the wise.
 Tho' godlike thou art by no toils oppress'd, 155
 At least our armies claim repast and rest:
 Long and laborious must the combat be,
 When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
 Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
 And those augment by gen'rous wine and food; 160
 What boastful son of war, without that stay,
 Can last a hero thro' a single day?
 Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length;

V. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from spirits, &c.*] This advice of *Ulysses* that the troops should refresh themselves with eating and drinking was extremely necessary after a battel of so long continuance as that of the day before: And *Achilles's* desire that they should charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the necessity of that refreshment, was also highly natural to his violent character. This forces *Ulysses* to repeat that advice, and insist upon it so much: Which those criticks did not see into, who through a false delicacy are shock'd at his insisting so warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common reader who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of just and natural images, this at first sight may have an air of ridicule; but I'll venture to say there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itself, nor mean and low in *Homer's* manner of expressing it: And I believe the same of this translation, though I have not softened or abated of the idea they are so offended with.

Shrunk

BOOK XIX. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 131

Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd, 165

The dropping body will desert the mind :

But built a-new with strength-conferring fare,

With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.

Dismiss the people then, and give command,

With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band ; 170

But let the presents to *Achilles* made,

In full assembly of all *Greece* be laid.

The King of men shall rise in publick sight,

And solemn swear (observant of the rite)

That spotless as she came, the maid removes, 175

Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.

That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,

And the full price of injur'd honour paid.

Stretch not, henceforth, O Prince ! thy sov'reign might,

Beyond the bounds of reason and of right ; 180

'Tis the chief praise that e'er to Kings belong'd

To right with justice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.

To him the monarch. Just is thy decree,

Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.

Each due atonement gladly I prepare ; 185

And heav'n regard me as I justly swear !

Here then awhile let *Greece* assembled stay,

Nor great *Achilles* grudge this short delay :

'Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,

And, *Jove* attesting, the firm compact made. 190

A train

A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
 These to select, *Ulysses*, be thy care:
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
 Sacred to *Jove*, and yon' bright orb of day.

195

For this (the stern *Æacides* replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,

When

V. 197. *The stern Æacides replies.*] The Greek verse is,

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the *Iliad*. It is a very just remark of a *French* critick, that what makes it so much taken notice of, is the rumbling sound and length of the word ἀπαμειβόμενος: This is so true, that if in a poem or romance of the same length as the *Iliad*, we should repeat *The hero answer'd*, full as often, we should never be sensible of that repetition. And if we are not shock'd at the like frequency of those expressions in the *Æneid*, *sic ore refert, talia voce refert, talia dicta dabit, vix ea fatus erat, &c.* it is only because the sound of the *Latin* words does not fill the ear like that of the *Greek* ἀπαμειβόμενος.

The discourse of the same critick upon these sort of repetitions in general, deserves to be transcribed. That useless nicety (says he) of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the first ages of antiquity: The books of *Moses* abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent use in the most ancient of all the poets, we should look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: They spoke so in his time, and to have spoken otherwise had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itself so contrary to the true sublime, as that painful and frivolous exactness, with which we avoid to make use of a proper word because it was used before. It is certain that the *Romans* were less scrupulous as to this point: You have often in a single page of *Tully* the same word five or six times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author, who so little wanted variety of expressions as *Homer*, could be so very negligent herein?

On

When the stern fury of the war is o'er,

And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more. 200

By

On the contrary, he seems to have affected to repeat the same things in the same words, on many occasions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among several people, and in several ages, two practices intirely different took their rise. *Moses*, *Homer*, and the writers of the first times, had found that repetitions of the same words recalled the ideas of things, imprinted them much more strongly, and rendered the discourse more intelligible. Upon this principle, the custom of repeating words, phrases, and even intire speeches, insensibly established itself both in prose and poetry, especially in narrations.

The writers who succeeded them observed, even from *Homer* himself, that the greatest beauty of style consisted in variety. This they made their principle: They therefore avoided repetitions of words, and still more of whole sentences; they endeavoured to vary their transitions; and found out new turns and manners of expressing the same things.

Either of these practices is good, but the excess of either vicious: We should neither on the one hand, through a love of simplicity and clearness, continually repeat the same words, phrases, or discourses; nor on the other, for the pleasure of variety, fall into a childish affectation of expressing every thing twenty different ways, though it be never so natural and common.

Nothing so much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary incessantly even in the smallest circumstances. In this, as in many other points, *Homer* has despised the ungrateful labour of too scrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great Painter, who does not think himself obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them shall have the least resemblance to another: If the principal figures are intirely different, we easily excuse a resemblance in the landscapes, the skies, or the draperies. Suppose a gallery full of pictures, each of which represents a particular subject: In one I see *Achilles* in fury, menacing *Agamemnon*; in another the same hero with regret delivers up *Bri-seis* to the heralds; in a third it is still *Achilles*, but *Achilles* overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the gesture, the countenance, the character of *Achilles*, are the same in each of these three pieces; if the ground of one of these be the same with that of the others in the composition and general design, whether it be landscape or architecture; then indeed one should have reason to blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there

By *Hector* slain, their faces to the sky,
 All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:
 Those call to war! and might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant should commence the fight.
 Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls, 205
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 'Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
 Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door. 210

there be no sameness but in the folds of a few draperies, in the structure of some part of a building, or in the figure of some tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: *Homer* repeats, but they are not the great strokes which he repeats, not those which strike and fix our attention: They are only the little parts, the transitions, the general circumstances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but casts his eye carelessly: Such as the descriptions of sacrifices, repasts, or embarkements; such in short, as are in their own nature much the same, which it is sufficient just to shew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments.

V. 209. *Pale lies my friend, &c.*] It is in the Greek, *lies extended in my tent with his face turning towards the door, ἀνὰ πύθονος τραπεζιμένος*, that is to say, as the scholiast has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door*. For it was thus the Greeks placed their dead in the porches of their houses, as likewise in Italy.

In portam rigidos calces extendit.

Persius.

——— *Recepitque ad limina gressum*

Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Aetes

Servabat senior —————

Thus we are told by *Suetonius*, of the body of *Augustus* — *Equester ardo suscepit, urbiq[ue] intulit, atque in vestibula domus collocavit.*

Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
 Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

O first of *Greeks* (*Ulysses* thus rejoin'd) 215
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are fatiate of the field; 220
 Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
 The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
 Great *Jove* but turns it, and the victor dies!
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall, 225
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eterpal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day. 230

V. 221. *Tho' vast the heaps, &c.*] *Ulysses's* expression in the original is very remarkable; he calls *καθαμνν*, *straw* or *chaff*, such as are killed in the battle; and he calls *ἀμνρον*, the *crop*, such as make their escape. This is very conformable to the language of holy scripture, wherein those who perish are called *chaff*, and those who are saved are called *corn*. *Dacier*.

One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battel glow, 235:
 And pour new furies on the feebl' foe.
 Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war ;
 Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind. 240:
 Embodied, to the battel let us bend,
 And all at once on haughty *Troy* descend.
 And now the Delegates *Ulysses* sent,
 To bear the presents from the royal tent.
 The sons of *Nestor*, *Phyleus*' valiant heir, 245:
Thias and *Merion*, thunderbolts of war,
 With *Lycomedes* of *Creiontian* strain,
 And *Melanippus*, form'd the chosen train.
 Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd ;
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid ; 250:

V. 237: ————— None shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war.]

This is very artful ; *Ulysses*, to prevail upon *Achilles* to let the troops take repast, and yet in some sort to second his impatience, gives with the same breath orders for battel, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repast, it looks as if they do not lose a moment's time, but are going to put themselves in array of battel. *Dacier*.

A row

A row of fix fair tripods then succeeds ;
And twice the number of high bounding steeds ;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose ;
The eighth *Briſeis*, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band : Great *Ithacus*, before, 255
First of the train, the golden talents bore ;
The reſt in publick view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene ! Then *Agamemnon* roſe :
The boar *Taltbybius* held : The *Grecian* Lord
Drew the broad cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ſword : 260
The ſtubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw, 265
And *Greece* around fate thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witness, thou firſt ! thou greateſt pow'r above !
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying *Jove* !
And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night, 270
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd Kings, and all who falſely ſwear !
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, heav'n all its vengeance ſhed, 275
And levell'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head !

With.

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound ;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground,
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main. 280

Then thus *Achilles*. Hear, ye *Greeks!* and know
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis *Jove* inflicts the woe :
 Not else *Atrides* could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
 'Twas *Jove's* high will alone, o'er-ruling all, 285
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the *Greeks* to fall.
 Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite ;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd :
 To their black vessels all the *Greeks* return'd. 290
Achilles fought his tent. His train before
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
 Those in the tents the squires industrious spread :
 The foaming couriers to the stalls they led.
 To their new seats the female captives move ; 295
Briseïs, radiant as the Queen of love,

V. 280. *Rolls the victim into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths; such were victims of malediction. *Eustathius*.

V. 281. *Hear, ye Greeks, &c.*] *Achilles*, to let them see that he is intirely appeased, justifies *Agamemnon* himself, and enters into the reasons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that justification he perfectly well preserves his character, and illustrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. *Dacier*.

Slow

Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
 Where gash'd with cruel wounds, *Patroclus* lay.
 Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
 Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair; 300
 All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
 Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.
 Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay; 305
 Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
 What woes my wretched race of life attend?
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
 The first lov'd consort of my virgin bed
 Before these eyes in fatal battel bled: 310
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day
 All trod the dark, irremeable way:
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;

V. 303, &c. *The lamentation of Briseïs over Patroclus.*] This speech (says *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*) is not without its artifice: While *Briseïs* seems only to be deploring *Patroclus*, she represents to *Achilles* who stands by, the breach of the promises he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in resigning her up to *Agamemnon*. He adds, that *Achilles* hereupon acknowledges the justice of her complaint, and makes answer that his promises should be performed: It was a slip in that great critick's memory, for the verse he cites is not in this part of the author, [*περὶ ἰσχυμάτων*, Part 2.]

Achilles



Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove, 315

The first, the dearest partner of his love,

That rites divine should ratify the band,

And make me Empress in his native land.

Accept these grateful tears! For thee they flow,

For thee, that ever felt another's woe! 320

Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,

Nor mourn'd *Patroclus'* fortunes, but their own.

The leaders press'd the chief on ev'ry side;

Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd.

If yet *Achilles* have a friend, whose care 325

Is bent to please him, this request forbear:

'Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay

To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

V. 315. *Achilles' care you promis'd, &c.*] In these days when our manners are so different from those of the ancients, and we see none of those dismal catastrophes which laid whole kingdoms waste, and subjected princesses and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps seem astonishing, that a princess of *Briseis's* birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and husband were killed by *Achilles*, should suffer herself to be comforted, and even flatter'd with the hopes of becoming the spouse of the murderer. But such were the manners of those times, as ancient history testifies: And a poet represents them as they were; but if there was a necessity for justifying them, it might be said that slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a princess like *Briseis* was pardonable, to chuse rather to become *Achilles's* wife than his slave. *Dacier.*

V. 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.*] *Homer* adds this touch to heighten the character of *Briseis*, and to shew the difference there was between her and the other captives. *Briseis*, as a well-born princess, really bewail'd *Patroclus* out of gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of interest. *Dacier.*

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face :

Yet still the Brother-Kings of *Atreus'* race, 330

Nestor, *Idomeneus*, *Ulysses* sage,

And *Phoenix*, strive to calm his grief and rage :

His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul ;

He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, *Patroclus* ! (thus his heart he vents) 335

Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents :

Thy sweet society, thy winning care,

Once stay'd *Achilles*, rushing to the war.

But now, alas ! to death's cold arms resign'd,

What banquet but revenge can glad my mind ? 340

What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,

What more, if hoary *Peleus* were deceas'd ?

Who now, perhaps, in *Phthia* dreads to hear

His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.

What more, should *Neoptolemus* the brave 345

(My only offspring) sink into the grave ?

If yet that offspring lives, (I distant far

Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war)

V. 335. *Thou too, Patroclus ! &c.*] This lamentation is finely introduced : While the generals are persuading him to take some refreshment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of *Patroclus*, who had so often brought him food every morning before they went to battel : This is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the subject of his discourse from the things that present themselves. *Spondanus*.

I cou'd

I cou'd not this, this cruel stroke attend ;
 Fate claim'd *Achilles*, but might spare his friend. 350
 I hop'd *Patroclus* might survive, to rear
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,
 From *Scyros* isle conduct him o'er the main,
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
 The lofty palace, and the large domain. 355
 For *Peleus* breaths no more the vital air ;
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
 But 'till the news of my sad fate invades
 His hast'ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said : His grief the heroes join'd, 360
 Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
 Their mingled grief the Site of 'heav'n survey'd,
 And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.

Is then *Achilles* now no more thy care,
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war ? 365
 Lo, where yon' sails their canvas wings extend,
 All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend :
 E'er thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
 Haste and infuse Ambrosia in his breast.

V. 351. *I hop'd Patroclus might survive, &c.*] *Patroclus* was young, and *Achilles* who had but a short time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his son, and put him into the possession of his kingdom : *Neoptolemus* would in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles* ; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, he must be an orphan indeed. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the sentiments, and always follows nature. *Dacier*.

He

He spoke, and sudden as the word of *Jove* 370

Shot the descending Goddess from above.

So swift thro' æther the shrill *Harpye* springs,

The wide air floating to her ample wings.

To great *Achilles* she her flight addrest,

And pour'd divine Ambrosia in his breast, 375

With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)

'Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships the warrior train,

And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.

As when the piercing blasts of *Boreas* blow, 380

And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;

From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,

Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields

Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields; 385

Broad glitt'ring breast-plates, spears with pointed rays

Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze :

Thick beats the center as the courfers bound,

With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.

V. 384. *So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields*
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.]

It is probable the reader may think the words, *shining*, *splendid*, and others derived from the lustre of arms, too frequent in these books. My author is to answer for it; but it may be alledged in his excuse, that when it was the custom for every soldier to serve in armour, and when those arms were of brass before the use of iron became common, these images of lustre were less avoidable, and more necessarily frequent in descriptions of this nature.

Full

Fall in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the rest, 390
 His limbs in arms divine *Achilles* dress;
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire; 395
 He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
 O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thigh infold:
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
 The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd, 400
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;
 And like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
 Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste, a light appears, 405
 Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
 Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky:
 With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
 Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

V. 390. *Achilles arming himself, &c.* There is a wonderful pomp in this description of *Achilles's* arming himself; every reader without being pointed to it, will see the extreme grandeur of all these images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble scale they rise one above another, and how the hero is set still in a stronger point of light than before; till he is at last in a manner covered over with glories: He is at first likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and lastly to the sun itself.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind 410

The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:

Like the red star, that from his flaming hair

Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war;

So stream'd the golden honours from his head,

Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed. 415

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes;

His arms he poises, and his motions tries;

Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear, 420

Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.

From *Pelion's* cloudy top an ash intire

Old *Chiron* fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire;

A spear which *stern Achilles* only wields,

The death of heroes, and the dread of fields: 425

Automedon and *Alcimus* prepare

Th' immortal coursers, and the radiant car,

(The silver traces sweeping at their side)

Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,

The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind, 430

Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,

And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire

Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire; 435

Not brighter *Phæbus* in th' æthereal way,
 Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
 High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
 And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.

Xanthus and *Balius*! of *Podarges*' strain, 440
 (Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain)
 Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
 And learn to make your master more your care :
 Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaught'ring sword,
 Nor, as ye left *Patroclus*, leave your Lord. 445

The gen'rous *Xanthus*, as the words he said,
 Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head,
 Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
 And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
 When, strange to tell! (so *Juno* will'd) he broke 450
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

Achilles

V. 450. *When strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.]*

It is remarked, in excuse of this extravagant fiction of a horse speaking, that *Homer* was authorized herein by fable, tradition, and history. *Livy* makes mention of two oxen that spoke on different occasions, and recites the speech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi*. *Pliny* tells us, these animals were particularly gifted this way, l. 8. c. 45. *Est frequens in prodigiis priscorum, bovem locutum*. Besides *Homer* had prepared us for expecting something miraculous from these horses of *Achilles*, by representing them to be immortal. We have seen them already sensible, and weeping at the death of *Patroclus*: And we must add to all this, that a Goddess is concerned in working this wonder: It is *Juno* that does it. *Oppian* alludes to this in a beautiful passage of his first book: Not having the original by me, I shall quote (what I believe is no less beautiful) *Mr. Fenton's* translation of it.

of

Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
 Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war;
 But come it will, the fatal time must come,
 Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom. 455
 Not thro' our crime, or slowness in the course,
 Fell thy *Patroclus*, but by heav'nly force;
 The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day,
 (Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
 No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail, 460
 Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
 All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
 Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

*Of all the prone creation, none display
 A friendlier sense of man's superior sway:
 Some in the silent pomp of grief complain,
 For the brave chief, by doom of battel slain:
 And when young Peleus in his rapid car
 Rush'd on, to rouse the thunder of the war,
 With human voice inspir'd, his steed deplor'd
 The fate impending dreadful o'er his Lord.
 Cyneg. lib. 1.*

Spondanus and *Dacier* fail not to bring up *Balaam's* ass on this occasion. But methinks the Commentators are at too much pains to discharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile such fictions to probability. Would not one general answer do better, to say once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the age of wonders: The taste of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the People would have, and what not only the poets, but the priests, gave them.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the *Furies* ty'd,
 His fate-ful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd 46
 With unabated rage——So let it be!
 Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
 I know my fates: To die, to see no more
 My much-lov'd parents, and my native there——
 Enough——when heav'n ordains, I sink in night; 470
 Now perish *Troy*? he said, and rush'd to fight.

V. 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,*
His fate-ful voice———]

The poet had offended against probability, if he had made *Juno* take away the voice; for *Juno* (which signifies the air) is the cause of the voice. Besides, the Poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing so dismal and melancholy, that none but the *Furies* can take upon them so cruel an employment. *Eustatius*.



T H B



THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



G 3



THE ARGUMENT.

The battel of the Gods, and the acts of
Achilles.

JUPITER upon Achilles's return to the battel, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combate described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

T H E



Achilles clad in his new Armour, having vigorously attack'd & Trojans, falls with fury upon Hector, whom he is upon a point of sacrificing to his Reſentment, but Apollo covering him with a thick cloud delivers him from that Danger.

B. 20.





THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THUS round *Pelides* breathing war and blood,
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.

Then *Jove* to *Themis* gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:

Swift

V. 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command, &c.*] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmost pomp and grandeur: The Gods are assembled only upon this account, and *Jupiter* permits several Deities to join with the *Trojans*, and hinder *Achilles* from over-ruling destiny itself.

G 4

The

Swift o'er *Olympus*' hundred hills he flies,

And summons all the senate of the skies.

These shining on, in long procession come

To *Jove's* eternal adamantine dome. 18

Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r,

That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,

Each fair hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,

Each azure sister of the silver flood ;

All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps 19

His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,

(The work of *Vulcan*) fate the Pow'rs around.

The circumstance of sending *Themis* to assemble the Gods is very beautiful; she is the Goddess of justice; the *Trojans* by the rape of *Helen*, and by repeated perjuries having broken her laws, she is the properest messenger to summon a synod to bring them to punishment. *Eustathius*.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. *Themis* or *Justice* (says he) is made to assemble the Gods round *Jupiter*, because it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and *Jupiter* sends them to the relief of both Parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his permission, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them.

V. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] *Eustathius* gives two reasons why *Oceanus* was absent from this assembly: The one is because he is fabled to be the original of all the Gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to see the deities, who were all his descendants, war upon one another by joining adverse parties: The other reason he draws from the allegory of *Oceanus*, which signifies the element of water, and consequently the whole element could not ascend into the *Æther*; but whereas *Neptune*, the rivers, and the fountains are said to have been present, this is no way impossible, if we consider it in an allegorical sense, which implies, that the rivers, seas, and fountains supply the air with vapours, and by that means ascend into the *Æther*.

Ev'n

Ev'n * he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign, * Neptune.
 Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main, 20
 Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
 And question'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.

What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
 And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
 Thus to convene the whole æthereal state? 25
 Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
 Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
 And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies).
 This day, we call the council of the skies 30
 In care of human race; ev'n *Jove's* own eye
 Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
 Far on *Olympus'* top in secret state
 Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
 Work out our will. Celestial pow'rs! descend, 35
 And as your minds direct, your succour lend

To

V. 35. ———Celestial pow'rs descend,
 And as your minds direct, your succour lend
 To either host———]

Eusebius informs us, that the ancients were very much divided upon this passage of *Homer*. Some have criticiz'd it, and others have answered their criticism; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without transmitting the answer to us. Those who condemned *Homer*, said *Jupiter* was for the *Trojans*; he saw the *Greeks* were the strongest, so permitted the Gods to declare themselves, and go to the bettel. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being stronger than those

To either host. *Troy* soon must lie o'erthrown,
 If uncontroul'd *Achilles* fights alone :
 Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes ;
 What can they now, if in his rage he rise? 40
 Assist them, Gods! or *Ilion's* sacred wall
 May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the Fall.

He

who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will still have the same advantage. I do not know what answer the partisans of *Homer* made, but for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than solid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* should be stronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the decree of destiny should be executed. Destiny had refused to *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*, but if *Achilles* fights singly against the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing destiny ; (as *Homer* has already elsewhere said, that there had been brave men who had done so.) Whereas if the Gods took part, though those who followed the *Grecians* were stronger than those who were for the *Trojans*, the latter would however be strong enough to support destiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himself master of *Troy* : This was *Jupiter's* sole view. Thus is this passage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*. *Dacier*.

V. 41. ——— Or *Ilion's* sacred wall.

May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the fall.]

Monf. de la Motte criticizes on this passage, as thinking it absurd and contradictory to *Homer's* own system, to imagine that what Fate had ordained should not come to pass. *Jupiter* here seems to fear that *Troy* will be taken this very day in spite of destiny, ὤντις μέρον. *M. Boivin* answers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient *Pagan* theology, and their doctrine concerning Fate. It is certain, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, that what destiny had decreed did not constantly happen in the precise time marked by destiny ; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be hastened : For example, that of the death of *Dido* was advanced by the blow she gave herself ; her hour was not then come.

——— *Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat,*

Sed misera ante diem ———

Every

He said, and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with rage:
On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whose azure round 45
Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd;

Every violent death was accounted *ὕπὲρ νόμον*, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the same thing) against the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the Romans expressed it. And the same might be said of any misfortunes which men drew upon themselves by their own ill conduct. (See the note on v. 560. lib. 16.) In a word, it must be allowed that it was not easy, in the Pagan religion, to form the justest ideas upon a doctrine so difficult to be cleared; and upon which it is no great wonder if a poet should not always be perfectly consistent with himself, when it has puzzled such a number of Divines and Philosophers.

V. 44. On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful Queen, &c.]

Eustathius has a very curious remark upon this division of the Gods in *Homer*, which *M. Dacier* has entirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledged less, than she has every where done from *Eustathius*.) This division, says he, is not made at random, but founded upon very solid reasons, drawn from the nature of those two nations. He places on the side of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preside over arts and sciences, to signify how much in that respect the *Greeks* excelled all other nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*; *Juno*, not only as the Goddess who presides over marriage, and who is concern'd to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewise as the Goddess who represents monarchical government, which was better established in *Greece* than any where else; *Pallas*, because being the Goddess of war and wisdom, she ought to assist those who are wrong'd; besides the *Greeks* understood the art of war better than the *Barbarians*; *Neptune* because he was an enemy to the *Trojans* upon account of *Laomedon's* perfidiousness, and because most of the *Greeks* being come from islands or peninsulas, they were in some sort his subjects; *Mercury*, because he is a God who presides over stratagems of war, and because *Troy* was taken by that of the wooden horse; and lastly *Vulcan*, as the declared enemy of *Mars* and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts.

Hermes,

Hermes, of profitable arts the fire,
 And *Vulcan*, the black sov'reign of the fire:
 These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
 The vessels tremble as the Gods alight. 50
 In aid of *Troy*, *Latona*, *Phæbus* came,
Mars fiery helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow,
 And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
 E'er yet the Gods their various aid employ, 55
 Each *Argive* bosom swell'd with manly joy,
 While great *Achilles*, (terror of the plain)
 Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
 Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
 Pale *Troy* beheld, and seem'd already lost; 60
 Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
 And trembling see another God of war.

But when the pow'rs descending swell'd the fight,
 Then Tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
 Vary'd each face; then Discord sounds alarms, 65
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.

V. 52. *Mars, fiery helm'd, the laughter-loving dame.*] The reasons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans*, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour ravishers and debauchees. But the same reason, you will say, does not serve for *Apollo*, *Diana* and *Latona*. It is urg'd that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, because of the darts and arrows which were the principal strength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, because she presided over dancing, and those *Barbarians* were great dancers: and *Latona*, as influenced by her children. *Xanthus* being a *Trojan* river, is interested for his country. *Eustathius*.

Nov

Now thro' the trembling shores *Minerva* calls,
 And now she thunders from the *Græcian* walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terror shrouds
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds: 70
 Now thro' each *Trojan* heart he fury pours
 With voice divine from *Ilium's* topmost tow'rs,
 Now shouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill;
 The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
 Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls, 75
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.

V. 75. *Above, the Sire of Gods, &c.*] “The images (says *Longinus*)
 “which *Homer* gives of the combate of the Gods, have in 'em
 “something prodigiously great and magnificent. We see in these
 “verses, the earth opened to its very center, hell ready to disclose
 “itself, the whole machine of the world upon the point to be
 “destroyed and overturned: To shew that in such a conflict, heaven
 “and hell, all things mortal and immortal, the whole creation in
 “short was engaged in this battel, and all the extent of nature in
 “danger.”

*Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra debiscens
 Infernas referet sedes & regna recludat
 Pallida, Diis invisa, superque immane barathrum
 Cernatur, trepidantque inmisso lumine manes.*

Virgil

Madam Dacier rightly observes that this copy is inferior to the original on this account, that *Virgil* has made a comparison of that which *Homer* made an action. This occasions an infinite difference, which is easy to be perceiv'd.

One may compare with this noble passage of *Homer*, the battel of the Gods and Giants in *Hesiod's Theogony*, which is one of the sublimest parts of that author; and *Milton's* battel of the *Angels* in the sixth book: The elevation, and enthusiasm of our great countryman seems owing to this original.

Beneath, stern *Neptune* shakes the solid ground ;
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around ;
 Thro' all their summits tremble *Idea's* woods,
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods. 80
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain ;
 And the tofs'd navies beat the heaving main.
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,
 Leap'd from his throne, lest *Neptune's* arm should lay 85
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour in light on *Pluto's* drear abodes,
 Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such was th' immortals wage : Such horrors rend
 The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend. 90
 First silver-shafted *Phæbus* took the plain
 Against blue *Neptune*, Monarch of the main :
 The God of arms his giant bulk display'd,
 Oppos'd to *Pallas*, war's triumphant maid.

V. 91. *First silver-shafted Phæbus took the plain, &c.*] With what art does the poet engage the Gods in this conflict ! *Neptune* opposes *Apollo*, which implies that things moist and dry are in continual discord : *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree : *Juno* is against *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy : *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory conceal'd under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double satisfaction at the same time from beautiful verses, and an instructive moral: *Eusebius*.

Against

BOOK XX. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 159

Against *Latona* march'd the son of *May* ; 95

The quiver'd *Dian*, sister of the *Day*,
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)

Saturnia, Majesty of heav'n defy'd.

With fiery *Vulcan* last in battel stands

The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ; 100

Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,

But call'd *Scamander* by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,

Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage :

Hector he sought ; in search of *Hector* turn'd 105

His eyes around, for *Hector* only burn'd ;

And burst like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd

To glut the God of Battels with his blood.

Aeneas was the first who dar'd to stay ;

Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way, 110

But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,

Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the fight.

Like young *Lycaon* of the royal line,

In voice and aspect seem'd the pow'r divine ;

And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn 115

In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of *Aeneides*' strain.

To meet *Pelides* you persuade in vain.

Already

Already have I met, nor void of fear
 Observ'd the fury of his flying spear ; 120
 From *Ida's* woods he chas'd us to the field,
 Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd :
Lyrnessus, *Pedafus* in ashes lay ;
 But (*Jove* assisting) I surviv'd the day.
 Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight, 125
 By fierce *Achilles* and *Minerva's* might.
 Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
 What mortal man *Achilles* can sustain ?
 Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain, 130
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain. }

V. 119. *Already have I met, &c.*] *Eustathius* remarks that the poet lets no opportunity pass of inserting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, especially the actions of *Achilles* the hero of it. In this place he brings in *Aeneas* extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confessing himself to have formerly been vanquished by him : At the same time he preserves a piece of ancient history, by inserting into the poem the hero's conquest of *Pedafus* and *Lyrnessus*.

V. 121. *From Ida's woods he chas'd us—*
But Jove assisting I surviv'd.]

It is remarkable that *Aeneas* owed his safety to his flight from *Achilles*, but it may seem strange that *Achilles* who was so fam'd for his swiftness, should not be able to overtake him, even with *Minerva* for his guide. *Eustathius* answers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge *Aeneas* might have of the ways and defiles : *Achilles* being a stranger, and *Aeneas* having long kept his father's flocks in those parts.

He farther observes, that the word *φάος* discovers that it was in the night that *Achilles* pursued *Aeneas*.

Were

Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r,
Tho' strong in battel as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the son of *Jove*. That God implore,
And be, what great *Achilles* was before. 133

From heav'nly *Venus* thou deriv'st thy strain,

And he, but from a sister of the main;

An aged Sea God, father of his line,

But *Jove* himself the sacred source of thine.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow, 140

Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero prest:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd,

And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said. 145

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,

Lo great *Aeneas* rushing to the war;

Against *Pelides* he directs his course,

Phaëbus impels, and *Phaëbus* gives him force.

Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend 150

Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.

To guard his life, and add to his renown,

We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,

That spun so short his life's illustrious line: 155

But lest some adverse God now cross his way,

Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day:

For

For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she, and thus the God whose force can make 160
The solid Globe's eternal basis shake.

Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men. 165

But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,
Obstruct *Achilles*, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of *Troy* we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd, 170
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cærulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around; 175
In

V. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound, &c.*] It may not be unnecessary to explain this passage to make it understood by the reader: The poet is very short in the description, as supposing the fact already known, and hastens to the combat between *Achilles* and *Æneas*. This is very judicious in *Homer* not to dwell on a piece of history that had no relation to his action, when he has raised the reader's expectation by so pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themselves his spectators.

The story is as follows: *Laomedon* having defrauded *Neptune* of the reward he promised him for the building the walls of *Troy*, *Neptune* sent a monstrous whale, to which *Laomedon* exposed his daughter *Hesione*:

In elder times to guard *Alcides* made,
(The work of *Trojans*, with *Minerva's* aid)
What time, a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here *Neptune*, and the Gods of *Greece* repair, 180
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air :

The adverse pow'rs, around *Apollo* laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver *Simois* shade.

In circle close each heav'nly party sate,
Intent to form the future scheme of Fate ; 185

But mix not yet in fight, tho' *Jove* on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground ;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound :

Hesione : But *Hercules* having undertaken to destroy the monster, the *Trojans* raised an intrenchment to defend *Hercules* from his pursuit : This being a remarkable piece of conduct in the *Trojans*, it gave occasion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by ascribing the work to *Pallas* the Goddess of wisdom. *Eustathius*.

V. 180. Here *Neptune* and the Gods, &c.] I wonder why *Eustathius* and all other commentators should be silent upon this Recess of the Gods : It seems strange at the first view, that so many deities, after having entered the scene of action, should perform so short a part, and immediately become themselves spectators ? I conceive the reason of this conduct in the poet to be, that *Achilles* has been inactive during the greatest part of the poem ; and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it : The poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the field, that *Achilles* may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in subordination to the deities : Besides, the poem now draws to a conclusion, and it is necessary for *Homer* to enlarge upon the exploits of *Achilles*, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader.

Steeds

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright, 190
 The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
 There, great *Achilles*; bold *Aeneas* here.
 With tow'ring strides *Aeneas* fast advanc'd;
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd, 195
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
 Not so *Pelides*; furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes, 200
 Tho' all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
 'Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan; 205
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So fierce *Achilles* on *Aeneas* flies; 210
 So stands *Aeneas*, and his force defies.
 E'er yet the stern encounter join'd, begun,
 The foot of *Phobus* thus to *Venus*' son.

Why

Why comes *Aeneas* thro' the ranks so far?
 Seeks he to meet *Achilles'* arm in war, 215
 In hope the realms of *Priam* to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of *Troy*?
 Grant that beneath thy lance *Achilles* dies,
 The partial monarch may refuse the prize;
 Sons he has many; those thy pride may quell; 220
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has *Troy* propos'd some spacious tract of land?

V. 214, &c. *The conversation of Achilles and Aeneas.*] I shall lay before the reader the words of *Eusebius* in defence of this passage, which I confess seems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader (says he) would naturally expect some great and terrible achievements should ensue from *Achilles* on his first entrance upon action. The poet seems to prepare us for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: But instead of a storm, we have a calm; he follows the same method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a single combat between two heroes: Thus he always agreeably surprises his readers. Besides the admirers of *Homer* reap a farther advantage from this conversation of the heroes: There is a chain of ancient history as well as a series of poetical beauties.

Madam *Dacier's* excuse is very little better: And to shew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taste of every reader who certainly finds himself disappointed: Our expectation is raised to see Gods and heroes engage, when suddenly it all sinks into such a combat in which neither party receives a wound: and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the spectators of so small an action! What occasion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and descending deities, to introduce a matter of so little importance? Neither is it any excuse to say he has given us a piece of ancient history; we expected to read a poet, not an historian. In short, after the greatest preparation for action imaginable, he suspends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the simplicity of an historian.

An

An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hills for vines, and arable for grain? 225
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can *Achilles* be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great *Aeneas* seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from *Ida's* mount he fled, 230
 Nor, 'till he reach'd *Lyrnessus*, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd;
 Those *Pallas*, *Jove*, and we, in ruins laid:
 In *Grecian* chains her captive race were cast;
 'Tis true, the great *Aeneas* fled too fast. 235
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
 To this *Anchises'* son. Such words employ 240
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame; 245
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
 Each Goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Ibetis' this day, or *Venus'* offspring dies,
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:

For

For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend, 250
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
 (A tale resounded thro' the spacious earth)
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient *Dardanus*, the first from *Jove*: 255
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for *Iliou*, then,
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of *Ida's* fount-full hill.
 From *Dardanus*, great *Erichthonius* springs, 260
 The richest, once, of *Asia's* wealthy King's;

V. 258. *The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fount-full bill.*

Κτίσσει δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἵπτι ἔπω Ἰλίου ἱρή
 Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο πόλιν μερόπων Ἀνθρώπων
 Ἀλλ' ἰθ' ὑπὸ ῥείας ὤκειον πολυπιδάκνυ Ἰδης.

Plato and *Strabo* understand this passage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were first inhabited, after the universal deluge; and that mankind by degrees descended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the word *ὑπὸ ῥεία* signify) and only in greater process of time ventured into the valleys: *Virgil* however seems to have taken this word in a sense something different where he alludes to this passage. *Æn.* 3. 109.

—Nondum Ilium & arces
 Pergamæ feterant, habitabant vallibus imis.

Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, 265
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain, 270
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
 And

V. 262. *Three thousand mares, &c.*] The number of the horses and mares of *Erichthonius* may seem incredible, were we not assured by *Herodotus* that there were in the stud of *Cyrus* at one time (besides those for the service of war) eight hundred horses and six thousand six hundred mares. *Eustathius*.

V. 264. *Boreas enamour'd, &c.*] *Homer* has the happiness of making the least circumstance considerable; the subject grows under his hands, and the plainest matter shines in his dress of poetry: Another poet would have said these horses were as swift as the wind, but *Homer* tells you that they sprung from *Boreas* the God of the wind; and thence drew their swiftness.

V. 270. *These lightly skimming, as they swept the plain.*] The poet illustrates the swiftness of these horses by describing them as running over the standing corn, and surface of waters, without making any impression. *Virgil* has imitated these lines, and adapts what *Homer* says of these horses to the swiftness of *Camilla*. *Æn.* 7. 809.

*Ille vel intactæ segetis per summa volans
 Gramina; nec teneras cursu læssisset aristas:
 Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis
 Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

The reader will easily perceive that *Virgil's* is almost a literal translation: He has imitated the very run of the verses, which flow smoothly away in dactyls, and as swift as the wind they describe.

I cannot

And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
 Such *Erichthonius* was : From him there came
 The fared *Tros*, of whom the *Trojan* name. 275
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, *Affaracus* and *Ganymed* :
 The matchless *Ganymed*, divinely fair,
 Whom heav'n enamour'd snatch'd to upper air,
 To bear the cup of *Jove* (æthereal guest) 280
 The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast.
 The two remaining sons the line divide :
 First rose *Laomedon* from *Ilus*' side ;
 From him *Titbonus*, now in cares grown old,
 And *Priam*, (blest with *Hector*, brave and bold :) 285
Clytius and *Lampus*, ever-honour'd pair ;
 And *Hicetaon*, thunderbolt of war.

I cannot but observe one thing in favour of *Homer*, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by considering the conduct of *Virgil* : Who, though undoubtedly the greatest poet after him, seldom ventures to vary much from his original in the passages he takes from him, as in a despair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them.

V. 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment : *Sappho* mentions it in honour of her brother *Labichus*, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of *Mitylene* : The son of *Menelaus* executed the same office ; *Hebe* and *Mercury* served the Gods in the same station.

It was the custom in the *Pagan* worship to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the sacrifice : In this office *Ganymede* might probably attend upon the altar of *Jupiter*, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. *Eustathius*.

VOL. V.

H

From

From great *Affaracus* sprung *Capys*, He

Begat *Anchises*, and *Anchises* me.

Such is our race: 'Tis fortune gives us birth, 290

But *Jove* alone endues the soul with worth :

He, source of pow'r and might! with boundless sway,

All human courage gives, or takes away.

Long in the field of words we may contend,

Reproach is infinite, and knows no end, 295

Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,

So voluble a weapon is the tongue ;

Wounded, we wound ; and neither side can fail,

For every man has equal strength to rail :

Women alone, when in the streets they jar, 300

Perhaps excel us in this wordy war,

Like us they stand, encompass'd with the croud,

And vent their anger impotent and loud.

Cease then——Our business in the field of fight

Is not to question, but to prove our might. 305

To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,

Receive this answer: 'Tis my flying spear.

He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,

Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.

Far on his out-stretch'd arm, *Pelides* held 310

(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,

That trembled as it stuck ; nor void of fear

Saw, e'er it fell, th' immeasurable spear.

His

His fears were vain; impenetrable charms

Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms.

315

Thro' two strong plates the point its passage held,

But stopp'd, and sefted, by the third repell'd;

Five plates of various metal, various mold,

Compos'd the shield, of brafs each outward fold,

Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:

320

There stuck the lance. Then rifing e'er he threw,

The forceful fpear of great *Achilles* flew,

And pierc'd the *Dardan* shield's extremest bound,

Where the shrill brafs return'd a sharper found:

Thro' the thin verge the *Peleian* weapon glides,

325

And the flight cov'ring of expanded hides.

Aeneas his contracted body bends,

And o'er him high the riven targe extends,

Sees thro' its parting plates, the upper air,

And at his back perceives the quiv'ring fpear:

330

A fate fo near him, chills his foul with fright,

And fwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.

Achilles rushing in with dreadful cries,

Draws his broad blade, and at *Aeneas* flies:

Aeneas rousing as the foe came on,

335

(With force collected) heaves a mighty ftone:

A mafs enormous! which in modern days

No two of earth's degen'rate fons could raife.

But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around. 340

Lo! on the brink of fate *Æneas* stands,
An instant victim to *Achilles'* hands :
By *Phæbus* urg'd ; but *Phæbus* has bestow'd
His aid in vain : The man o'erpow'rs the God.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone 345
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own ?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid :
Sure, tho' he wars for *Troy*, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this ; nor thus can *Jove* resign
The future father of the *Dardan* line : 350
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race.

V. 339. *But Ocean's God, &c.*] The conduct of the poet in making *Æneas* owe his safety to *Neptune* in this place is remarkable: *Neptune* is an enemy to the *Trojans*, yet he dares not suffer so pious a man to fall, lest *Jupiter* should be offended: This shews, says *Eustatius*, that piety is always under the protection of God ; and that favours are sometimes conferred not out of kindness, but to prevent a greater detriment ; thus *Neptune* preserves *Æneas*, lest *Jupiter* should revenge his death upon the *Grecians*.

V. 345. *And can you see this righteous chief, &c.*] Though *Æneas* is represented a man of great courage, yet his piety is his most shining character : This is the reason why he is always the care of the Gods, and they favour him constantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection.

'Tis in this light that *Virgil* has presented him to the view of the reader: His valour bears but the second place in the *Æneis*. In the *Ilias* indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the *Æneis* at full length ; but there are the same features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the same *Æneas* in *Rome* as he was in *Troy*.

For

For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign, 355
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.

The

V. 355. On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.]

The story of Æneas's founding the Roman empire, gave Virgil the finest occasion imaginable of paying a complement to Augustus, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the descendants of Troy. He has translated these two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of Æneas's sailing into Italy, imagine Homer's to be.

Αἰνείας ἔν Τρώσσιν ἀνάξει
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων τοῖσιν μετόπισθε γήνωται.

Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum & qui nascentur ab illis.

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as Strabo observes) in these two lines, by substituting πάντισσι in the room of Τρώσσιν. It is not improbable but Virgil might give occasion for it, by his cunctis dominabitur oris.

Eusebius does not intirely discountenance this story: If it be understood, says he, as a prophecy, the poet might take it from the Sibylline oracles. He farther remarks, that the poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the prosecution of the Trojan war: but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a conclusion. Thus for instance, we have here a piece of history not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the house of Æneas succeeded to the crown of Troas, and to the kingdom of Priam. Eusebius.

This passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the Roman empire, and of the family of the Cæsars, who both pretended to deduce their original from Venus by Æneas, alledging that after the taking of Troy, Æneas came into Italy: and this pretension is hereby actually destroyed. This testimony of Homer

H 3

ought

The great earth-shaker thus : To whom replies

Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes.

ought to be looked upon as an authentick act, the fidelity and verity thereof cannot be questioned. *Neptune*, as much an enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Aeneas*, and after him his posterity, shall reign over the *Trojans*. Would *Homer* have put this prophecy in *Neptune's* mouth, if he had not known that *Aeneas* did not leave *Troy*, but that he reigned there, and if he had not seen in his time the descendants of that Prince reign there likewise ? That poet wrote two hundred and sixty years, or thereabouts after the taking of *Troy* ; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in some of the towns of *Ionia*, that is to say, in the neighbourhood of *Phrygia*, so that the time and place give such a weight to his deposition, that nothing can invalidate it. All that the historians have written concerning *Aeneas's* voyage into *Italy*, ought to be considered as a Romance, made on purpose to destroy all historical truth, for the most ancient is posterior to *Homer* by some ages. Before *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, some writers being sensible of the strength of this passage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this fable ; and they said that *Aeneas*, after having been in *Italy* return'd to *Troy*, and left his son *Ascanius* there. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, little satisfied with this solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another method : He would have it that by these words, " He shall reign over the *Trojans*," *Homer* meant, He shall reign over the *Trojans* whom he shall carry with him into *Italy*. " For is it not possible, says he, that *Aeneas* should reign over the *Trojans*, whom he had taken with him, though settled elsewhere ? "

That historian, who wrote in *Rome* itself, and in the very reign of *Augustus*, was willing to make his court to that Prince, by explaining this passage of *Homer*, so as to favour the chimæra he was possessed with. And this is a reproach that may with some justice be cast on him ; for poets may by their fictions flatter Princes and welcome : 'Tis their trade : But for historians to corrupt the gravity and severity of history, to substitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. *Strabo* was much more scrupulous, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of *Tiberius's* reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this passage of *Homer*, and to aver, that this Poet said, and meant, that *Aeneas* remained at *Troy*, that he reigned therein, *Priam's* whole race being extinguished, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, lib. 13. You may see this whole matter discussed in a letter from *M. Bochart* to *M. de Sagrais*, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the translation of *Virgil*.

Good

Good as he is, to immolate or spare
 The *Dardan* Prince, O *Neptune* be thy care; 360
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
 Have sworn destruction to the *Trojan* kind;
 Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
 Or save one member of the sinking state;
 Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore, 365
 And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The King of Ocean to the fight descends,
 Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends,
 Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
 And casts thick darkness o'er *Achilles'* eyes. 370
 From great *Aeneas'* shield the spear he drew,
 And at its master's feet the weapon threw.
 That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
 The *Dardan* Prince, and bore him thro' the sky,
 Smooth gliding without step, above the heads 375
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds.
 Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
 Where the slow *Caucans* close the rear of fight:

The

V. 378. *Where the slow Caucans close the rear.*] The *Caucones* (says *Eustathius*) were of *Paphlagonian* extract: And this perhaps was the reason why they are not distinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of *Paphlagonians*: Though two lines are quoted which are said to have been left out by some transcriber, and immediately followed this,

The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd. 380

What Pow'r, O Prince, with force inferior far
Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles* arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must) 385
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no *Grecian* force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from *Achilles* chas'd the mist away: 390

Κεῶμαι τ' Αἰγιαλῶσι καὶ ὑψηλῶς Ἐρυθίνῃς.

Which verses are these,

Καύκωνας αἵ τ' ἦγε πολυχλὶς υἱὸς Ἀμύμων.

Or as others read it, Ἀμειβῶ.

Οἱ περὶ παρθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἵκταιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματ' ἵκταιον.

Yet I believe these are not *Homer's* lines, but rather the addition of some transcriber, and 'tis evident by consulting the passage from which they are said to have been curtailed, that they would be absurd in that place; for the second line is actually there already; and as these *Caucons* are said to live upon the banks of the *Partbenius*, so are the *Papblagonians* in the above-mentioned passage. It is therefore more probable that the *Caucons* are included in the *Papblagonians*.

Sudden,

Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
 The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
 Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders strike my mind!
 My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
 Laid here before me! and the *Dardan* Lord 395
 That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!
 I thought alone with mortals to contend,
 But pow'rs celestial sure this foe defend.
 Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
 Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly. 400
 Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud
 He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
 O *Greeks* (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
 Join battel, man to man, and arms to arms!
 'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the sky, 405
 To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
 No God can singly such a host engage,
 Not *Mars* himself, nor great *Minerva's* rage.
 But whatfoe'er *Achilles* can inspire,
 Whate'er of active force, or acting fire, 410
 Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
 All, all *Achilles, Greeks!* is yours to-day.
 Thro' yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
 And thin the squadrons with my single spear.
 He said: Nor less elate with martial joy, 415
 The god like *Hector* warm'd the troops of *Troy*.

H 5

Trojans

Trojans to war ! Think *Heſtor* leads you on ;
 Nor dread the vaunts of *Peleus*' haughty ſon.
 Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
 Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords : 420
 The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all heav'n deſies,
 But ſhrinks and ſhudders, when the thunder flies.
 Nor from yon' boafter ſhall your chief retire,
 Not tho' his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire ;
 That fire, that ſteel, your *Heſtor* ſhou'd withſtand, 425
 And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid :
 A wood of lances riſes round his head,
 Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
 They join, they throng, they thicken to the war. 430
 But *Phæbus* warns him from high heav'n to ſhun
 The ſingle fight with *Thetis*' god-like ſon ;
 More ſafe to combate in the mingled band,
 Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
 He hears, obedient to the God of Light, 435
 And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce *Achilles*, ſhouting to the ſkies,
 On *Troy*'s whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
 Firſt falls *Iphytion*, at his army's head ;
 Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led, 440
 From great *Otrynteus* he deriv'd his blood,
 His mother was a *Naïs* of the flood ;

Beneath

Beneath the shades of *Tmolus*, crown'd with snow,
From *Hyde's* walls he rul'd the lands below,
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides; 445
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus *Achilles* glories o'er the slain.

Lie there *Otryntides*! the *Trojan* earth
Receives thee dead; tho' *Gygæ* boast thy birth; 450
Those beauteous fields where *Hyllus'* waves are roll'd,
And plenteous *Hermus* swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more——Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of *Greece* the body tore, 455
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, *Antenor's* offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel with full-descending sway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way, 460
Refistleless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees *Hippodamas*, and seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: An ignoble wound 465
The panting *Trojan* rivets to the ground.

He



He groans away his soul: Not louder roars
 At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores
 The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
 And Ocean listens to the grateful sound. 470

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
 The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age:
 (Whose feet for swiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
 Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
 To the forbidden field he takes his flight 475
 In the firſt folly of a youthful Knight,

V. 467. ——— Not louder roars

At Neptune's ſhrine on Helice's high ſhores, &c.]

In *Helice*, a town of *Acbaia*, three quarters of a league from the gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent temple where the *Ionians* offered every year to him a ſacrifice of a bull; and it was with theſe people an auſpicious ſign, and a certain mark, that the ſacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the *Ionic* migration, which happened about 140 years after the taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Aſia* aſſembled in the fields of *Priene* to celebrate the ſame feſtival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as thoſe of *Priene* valued themſelves upon being originally of *Helice*, they choſe for the King of the ſacrifice a young *Prienian*. It is needleſs to diſpute from whence the poet has taken his compariſon; for as he lived 100, or 121 years after the *Ionic* migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Aſian Ionia*, and at *Priene* itſelf; where he had probably often aſſiſted at that ſacrifice, and been witneſs of the ceremonies therein obſerved. This poet always appears ſtrongly addiſted to the cuſtoms of the *Ionians*, which makes ſome conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himſelf. *Euſtathius*. *Dacier*.

V. 571. Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.] *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* has followed another tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the ſon of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and ſlain by *Polymneſtor* King of *Tbrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according to *Homer*, he is not the ſon of *Hecuba*, but of *Laotkoë*, as he ſays in the following book, and is ſlain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather choſen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

To

To vaunt his swiftneſs wheels around the plain,
 But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
 Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
 And golden rings the double back-plate join'd : 480
 Forth thro' the naval burſt the thrilling ſteel;
 And on his knees with piercing ſtricks he fell;
 The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
 His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
 When *Hector* view'd, all ghafly in his gore 485
 Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy *Polydore*;
 A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his fight,
 His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
 Full in *Achilles'* dreadful front he came,
 And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame. 490
 'The ſon of *Peleus* ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
 His heart high bounding in his riſing breaſt :
 And, lo! the Man, on whom black fates attend;
 The man, that ſlew *Achilles*, in his friend!

V. 489. *Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came.*] The great judgment of the poet in keeping the character of his hero, is in this place very evident: When *Achilles* was to engage *Aeneas*, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of *Aeneas*: Had he purſued the ſame method with *Hector*, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing paſſion in *Achilles*: He left the field in a rage againſt *Agamemnon*, and entered it again to be revenged of *Hector*: The poet therefore judiciously makes him take fire at the ſight of his enemy: He deſcribes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a ſingle line: His impatience to be revenged, would not ſuffer him to delay it by a length of words.

No more shall *Hektor's* and *Pelides'* spear 495

Turn from each other in the walks of war —

Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er :

Come, and receive thy fate ! He spake no more.

Hektor, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy : 500

Such we could give, defying and defy'd,

Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride !

I know thy force to mine superior far ;

But heav'n alone confers success in war :

Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart, 505

And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance : But *Pallas'* heav'nly breath
Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged death :

The bidden dart again to *Hektor* flies,

And at the feet of its great master lies. 510

Achilles closes with his hated foe,

His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow :

But present to his aid, *Apollo* shrouds

The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.

Thrice

V. 513. *But present to his aid, Apollo.*] It is a common observation, that a God should never be introduced into a poem but where his presence is necessary. And it may be asked why the life of *Hektor* is of such importance that *Apollo* should rescue him from the hand of *Achilles* here, and yet suffer him to fall so soon after ? *Eusebius* answers, that the Poet had not yet sufficiently exalted the valour of *Achilles*, he takes time to enlarge upon his achievements, and rises by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and re-
sentment

BOOK XX. HOMER'S ILIAD. 183

Thrice struck *Pelides* with indignant heart, 515

Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart :

The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,

He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch ! thou hast escap'd again, once more thy flight

Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light. 520

But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,

If any power assist *Achilles'* hand.

Fly then inglorious ! but thy flight this day

Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain : 525

Then *Dryops* tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,

Pierc'd thro' the neck : He left him panting there,

And stopp'd *Demuchus*, great *Philetor's* heir,

Gigantic chief ! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,

And for the soul an ample passage made. 530

Laogonus and *Dardanus* expire,

The valiant sons of an unhappy sire ;

Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,

Sunk in one instant to the nether world,

This difference only their sad fates afford, 535

That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

sentment at one blow in the death of *Hector*. And the Poet, adding he, pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by shewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have saved *Aeneas* and *Hector* from the hand of *Achilles*.

Nor less unpity'd young *Alastor* bleeds,
 In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
 In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
 To spare a form, an age so like thy own! 540
 Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,
 E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
 While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
 The ruthless falchion ope'd his tender side;
 The panting liver pours a flood of gore 545
 That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
 Thro' *Mulius'* head then drove th' impetuous spear,
 The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
 Thy life, *Ecbeclus!* next the sword bereaves,
 Deep thro' the front the pond'rous faulchion cleaves; 550
 Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
 The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.

V. 541. ——— *No pray'r, no moving art.*
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

I confess it is a satisfaction to me, to observe with what art the Poet pursues his subject: The opening of the Poem professes to treat of the anger of *Achilles*; that anger draws on all the great events of the story: And *Homer* at every opportunity awakens the reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: So that when we see in this place the hero deaf to youth and compassion, it is what we expect: Mercy in him would offend, because it is contrary to his character. *Homer* proposes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the Poem which he designed the reader should draw from it, is, that we should avoid anger, since it is ever pernicious in the event.

Then

Then brave *Deucalion* dy'd: The dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight, 555
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust, the corps extended lies. 560
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful *Thracia* came,
(The son of *Pireus*, an illustrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: The spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief descends:
The Squire who saw expiring on the ground 565
His prostrate master rein'd the steeds around,
His back scarce turn'd the *Pelian* jav'lin gor'd;
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying Lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills.
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills; 570
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This war, and that, the spreading torrent roars:
So sweeps the hero thro' the wasted shores;
Around him wide, immense destruction pours, 575
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies *Ceres'* sacred floor,

When

When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
 The trampling steers beat out th' un-number'd grain ; 580
 So the fierce courfers, as the chariot rolls,
 Tread down whole ranks, and crush out Heroes souls.
 Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
 Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye :
 The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore ; 585
 And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
 All grim with dust, all horrible in blood :
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame ;
 Such is the Lust of never-dying Fame ! 590

V. 580. *The trampling steers beat out th' un-number'd grain.*] In Greece, instead of thrashing the corn as we do, they caused it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewise practised in *Judæa*, as is seen by the law of God, who forbid the *Jeros* to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn. *Non ligabis os bouis terentis in area frugis tuæ.* Deut. xxv. Dacier.

The same practice is still preserved among the *Turks* and modern *Greeks*.

The similes at the end.] It is usual with our author to heap his similes very thick together at the conclusion of a book. He has done the same in the seventeenth: 'Tis the natural discharge of a vast imagination, heated in its progress, and giving itself vent in this croud of images.

I cannot close the notes upon this book, without observing the dreadful idea of *Achilles*, which the poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over shields, and mangled heaps of slain: The wheels, the axle-tree, and the horses are stained with blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with slaughter. A Painter might form from this passage the picture of *Mars* in the fullness of his terrors, as well as *Pheidias* is said to have drawn from another, that of *Jupiter* in all his majesty.

T H E



THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





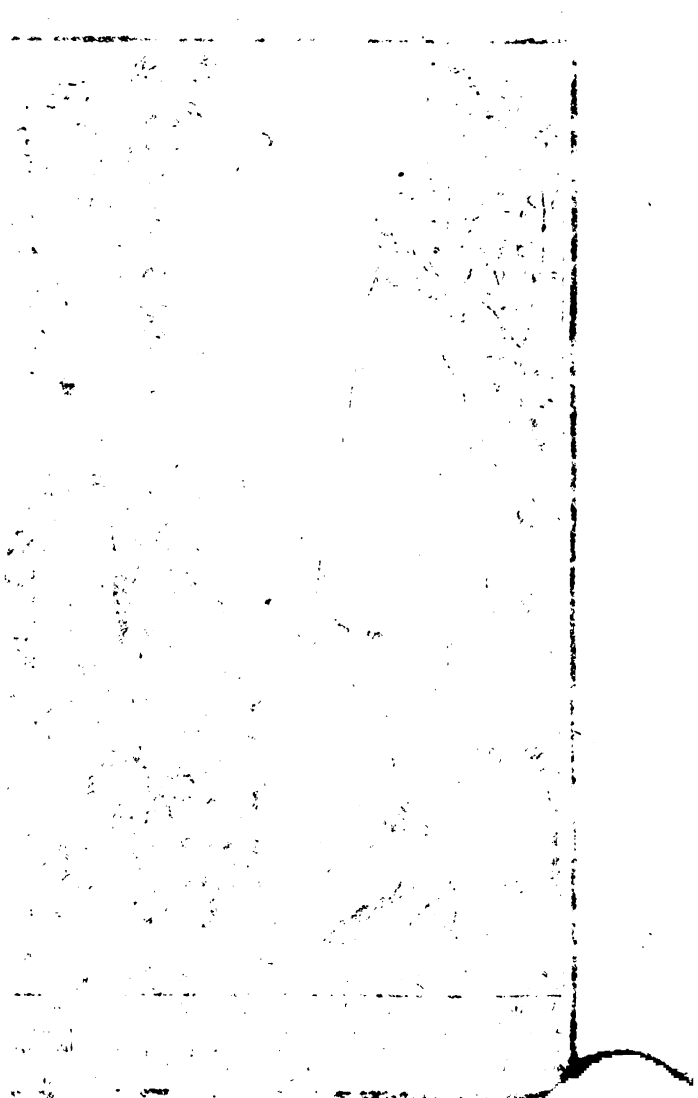
The ARGUMENT.

The battel in the river Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: He falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the Hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

T H E





Achilles having driven the Trojans into the Xanthus, plunges in after them
 & makes a great Slaughter. That River pleas'd at his Cruelty, almost
 smothers him with his Waters in the midst whereof Neptune & Tallas support
 him. & Vulcan by drying up the River, delivers him.

B. XXI.



THE
* TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

AND now to *Xanthus*' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of *Jove*,
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,

Where

* This book is intirely different from all the foregoing: Though it be a battel, it is intirely of a new and surprizing kind, diversified with a vast variety of imagery and description. The scene is totally changed: he paints the combate of his hero with the rivers, and describes a battel amidst an inundation. It is observable, that though the whole war of the *Iliad* was upon the banks of these rivers, *Hommer* has artfully left out the machinery of the River-Gods in all the other battels, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhausted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this description of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful

Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight, 5
 Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
 (These with a gather'd mist *Saturnia* shrouds,
 And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
 Part plunge into the stream: Old *Xanthus* roars,
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores: 10
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
 The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd. }
 As the scorch'd Locusts from their fields retire,
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire; 15
 Driv'n

tiful contrast in that of the drought: The part of *Achilles* is admirably sustained, and the new strokes which *Homer* gives to his picture are such, as are derived from the very source of his character, and finish the intire draught of this hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this Episode, may be reconciled to probability, truth and natural reason, will be considered in a distinct note on that head: The reader may find it on v. 447.

V. 2. *Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.*] The river is here said to be the son of *Jupiter*, on account of its being supplied with waters that fall from *Jupiter*, that is, from heaven. *Eustathius*.

V. 14. *As the scorch'd Locusts, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that several countries have been much infest'd with armies of locusts; and that, to prevent their destroying the fruits of the earth, the countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields; the locusts to avoid the intense heat were forced to cast themselves into the water. From this observation the Poet draws his allusion, which is very much to the honour of *Achilles*, since it represents the *Trojans* with respect to him as no more than so many insects.

The same commentator takes notice, that because the Island of *Cyprus* in particular was used to practise this method with the locusts, some authors have conjectured that *Homer* was of that country. But if this were a sufficient reason for such a supposition, he might be said to be born in almost all the countries of the world, since he draws his observations from the customs of them all.

We

Driv'n from the land before the smoaky cloud,
 The clust'ring legions rush into the flood:
 So plung'd in *Xanthus* by *Achilles*' force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside, 20
 (Which spreading *Tam'risks* on the margin hide)
 Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
 Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er the waves:
 Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound; 25
 Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.
 Swift thro' the foamy flood the *Trojans* fly,
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie.
 So the huge Dolphin tempesting the main, 30
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of these locusts, mentioned among the plagues of *Aegypt*, without having recourse to an immediate creation, as some good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed consists in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the *Aegyptians*. I have often observed with pleasure the similitude which many of *Homer*'s expressions bear with the holy scriptures, and that the most ancient heathen writer in the world, often speaks in the Idiom of *Moses*: Thus as the locusts in *Exodus* are said to be driven into the sea, so in *Homer* they are forced into a river.

V. 30. *So the huge Dolphin, &c.*] It is observable with what justness the author diversifies his comparisons according to the different scenes and elements he is engaged in: *Achilles* has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, &c. Now he is in the water, the Poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. *Eustathius*.

Confus'dly

Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
 Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
 *Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;

35

V. 34. *Now tir'd with slaughter.*] This is admirably well suited to the character of *Achilles*; his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppose him, and stops not, 'till nature itself could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reserve twelve noble youths to sacrifice them to the *Manes* of *Patroclus*, but his resentment gives him no time to think of them, 'till the hurry of his passion abates, and he is tired with slaughter: Without this circumstance, I think an objection might naturally be raised, that in the time of pursuit *Achilles* gave the enemy too much leisure to escape, while he busied himself with tying these prisoners: Though it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he tyed them with his own hands.

V. 35. *Twelve chosen youths.*] This piece of cruelty in *Achilles* has appeared shocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excused by considering the ferocious and vindictive spirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exercised on enemies in war were authorised by the military laws of those times; nay, religion itself became a sanction to them. It is not only the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Aeneas*, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battel, to sacrifice them to the *Manes* of his favourite hero. *Æn.* 10. v. 517.

————— *Salmone creatos*

*Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
 Viventes rapit; inferias quos inmolet umbris,
 Captivosque rogi perfundat sanguine flammæ.*

And *Æn.* 11. v. 81.

*Vinxerat & post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris,
 Inferias, cæso sparsuros sanguine flammam.*

And (what is very particular) the *Latin* poet expresses no disapprobation of the action, which the *Grecian* does in plain terms, speaking of this in *Iliad* 23. v. 176.

————— *Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μῆδετο ἔργα.*

With

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)
 These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
 Sad victims! destin'd to *Patroclus*' shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood, 40
 The young *Lycan* in his passage stood ;
 The son of *Priam*, whom the hero's hand
 But late made captive in his father's land,
 (As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
 Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel) 45
 To *Lemnos* isle he fold the royal slave,
 Where *Jason*'s son the price demanded gave ;
 But kind *Eëtion* touching on the shore,
 The ransom'd Prince to fair *Arisbe* bore.
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign 50
 He felt the sweets of liberty again;

V. 41. *The young Lycan, &c.*] *Homer* has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving such incidents as set the characteristick qualities of his heroes in the highest point of light. There is hardly any in the whole *Iliad* more proper to move pity than this circumstance of *Lycan*; or to raise terror, than this view of *Achilles*. It is also the finest picture of them both imaginable: We see the different attitude of their persons, and the different passions which appeared in their countenances: At first *Achilles* stands erect, with surprise in his looks at the sight of one whom he thought it impossible to find there; while *Lycan* is in the posture of a suppliant, with looks that plead for compassion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: Afterwards, when at his death he lets go the spear, and places himself on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how strongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this passage, and allows that poetry (at least in *Homer*) is truly a speaking picture.

The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;
 Now never to return! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the shades below.

His well-known face when great *Achilles* ey'd,
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and drop'd upon the field
 His useless lance and unavailing shield.)
 As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
 And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero said.

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!
 Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue?
 Sure I shall see yon' heaps of *Trojans* kill'd,
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
 As now the captive, whom so late I bound
 And sold to *Lemnos*, stalks on *Trojan* ground!
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
 That bar such numbers from their native plain:
 Lo! he returns. Try then, my flying spear!
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
 If Earth at length this active Prince can seize,
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down *Hercules*.

Thus while he spake, the *Trojan* pale with fears
 Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
 Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
 And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.

Achilles

Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while above the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirfty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stop't the dart;
While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known name, great *Achilles*! see,
Once more *Lycaon* trembles at thy knee.
Show pity to a Suppliant's more affect;
Who sharr'd the gifts of *Ceres* at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to *Lemnos* bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.

V. 34. *The speeches of Lycaon and Achilles.* It is impossible for any thing to be better imagined than these two speeches: that of *Lycaon* is moving and compassionate; that of *Achilles* haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmost tenderness, the other denies with the utmost sternness. One would think it impossible to amass so many moving arguments in so few words, as those of *Lycaon*: He forgets no circumstance to soften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of *Patroclus*, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to *Hector*, and would willingly put himself upon him as a suppliant, and consequently as an inviolable person: But *Achilles* is immovable, his resentment makes him deaf to intreaties, and it must be remembered that anger, not mercy, is his character.

I must confess I could have wish'd *Achilles* had spared him: There are so many circumstances that speak in his favour, that he deserved his life, had he not asked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatness in the conclusion of the speech of *Achilles*, which strikes me very much: He speaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for asking life so earnestly, a life that was of so much less importance than his own.

Sc. . . respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here ;

Lo ! *Jove* again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands !

95

I sprung from *Priam*, and *Laothœe* fair,
(Old *Alte*'s daughter, and *Lelegia*'s heir ;

Who held in *Pedafus* his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver *Satnio* flow'd)

Two sons (alas ! unhappy sons) she bore ;

100 }

For ah ! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd *Polydore*.

How from that arm of terror shall I fly ?

Some *Dæmon* urges ! 'tis my doom to die !

If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,

105

Ah ! think not me too much of *Hector*'s kind !

Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,

With his, who wrought thy lov'd *Patroclus*' death.

These words, attended with a show'r of tears,

The youth address'd to unrelenting ears :

110

Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)

Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies :

In vain a single *Trojan* sues for grace ;

But least, the sons of *Priam*'s hateful race.

Die then, my friend ! what boots it to deplore ?

115

The great, the good *Patroclus* is no more !

He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,

“ And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality ? ”

See &

See'st thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
 Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born ; 120
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
 By night, or day, by force, or by design,
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.
 Die then—he said ; and as the word he spoke 125
 The fainting stripling sunk, before the stroke :
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear :
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.
 Sudden, *Achilles* his broad sword display'd,
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade. 130
 Prone fell the youth ; and panting on the land,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand :
 The victor to the stream the carcass gave,
 And thus insults him, floating on the wave.
 Lie there, *Lycaon* ! let the fish surround 135
 Thy bloated corse, and suck thy goary wound :
 There no sad mother shall thy fun'ral weep,
 But swift *Scamander* roll thee to the deep,
 Whose ev'ry wave some wat'ry monster brings,
 To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. 140

V. 121. *The day shall come——*

When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart.]

This is not spoken at random, but with an air of superiority ; when *Achilles* says he shall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a spear, he insinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a close fight, or engage him hand to hand. *Eusebius*.

So perish *Troy*, and all the *Trojan* line!
 Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine:
 What boots ye now *Scamander's* worship'd stream,
 His earthly honours, and immortal name;
 In vain your immolated bulls are slain, 145
 Your living coursers glut his gulphs in vain:
 Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
 Thus, 'till the *Grecian* vengeance is compleat;
 Thus is aton'd *Patroclus's* honour'd shade,
 And the short absence of *Achilles* paid. 150
 These boastful words provoke the raging God;
 With fury swells the violated flood.
 What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
 To check *Achilles*, and to rescue *Troy*?
 Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dash 155
 The great *Asteropæus* to mortal war;

V. 146. *Your living coursers glut his gulphs in vain.*] It was an ancient custom to cast living horses into the sea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by these victims, the rapidity of their streams. This practice continued a long time, and history supplies us with examples of it: *Aurelius Victor* says of *Pompey* the younger, *Cum mari feliciter uteretur, Nestuni se felum confessus est, cumque bubus auratis equo placavit.* He offered oxen in sacrifice, and threw a living horse into the sea, as appears from *Dion*, which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*. *Eustath. Dacier.*

V. 152. *With fury swells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the episode of the river *Xanthus* ever since the beginning of the last book; and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon *Achilles*: It is not only because he is a river of *Troas*, but, as *Eustathius* remarks, because it is in defence of a man that was descended from a brother River God: He was angry too with *Achilles* on another account, because he had choak'd up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the *Trojans*.

The

The son of *Pelagon*, whose lofty line
 Flows from the source of *Axiu*, stream divine,
 (Fair *Peribœa*'s love the God had crown'd,
 With all his refluxent waters circled round.) 160
 On him *Achilles* rush'd: He fearless stood,
 And shook two spears, advancing from the flood:
 The flood impell'd him, on *Pelides*' head
 To avenge his waters choke'd with heaps of dead.
 Near as they drew, *Achilles* thus began. 165

What art thou, boldest of the race of men?
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the Sire,
 Whose son encounters our resistless ire.
 O son of *Peleus*? what avails to trace
 (Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious Race? 170
 From rich *Pæonia*'s valleys I command
 Arms with protended spears, my native band;

V. 171. From rich *Pæonia*'s ——— &c.] In the Catalogue *Pyræch-*
mes is said to be commander of the *Pæonians*, where they are de-
 scribed as bow-men; but here they are said to be armed with spears,
 and to have *Asteropæus* for their general. *Eustathius* tells us, some
 critics asserted that this line in the *Cat.* v. 355.

Πηλεΐδην θ' υἱὸς περιδίδξι· Ἀστεροπαῖον
 followed

Ἀυτὰρ Πυρραΐχης ἀγχι Πάριον ἀγχιολόβους.

But I see no reason for such an assertion. *Homer* has expressly told us
 in this speech that it was but ten days since he came to the aid of
Troy; he might be made general of the *Pæonians* upon the death of
Pyræchmes, who was killed in the sixteenth book. Why also might
 not the *Pæonians*, as well as *Trojan*, excel in the management both
 of the bow and the spear?

Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of *Iliou* to the fields of fame :

Achilles, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills, 175
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my fire, whose spear such glory won :
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son !

Threat'ning he said : The hostile chiefs advance ;
At once *Astropheus* discharg'd each lance, 180
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not the *Vulcanian* shield ;
One raz'd *Achilles'* hand ; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon flood.
Like lightning next the *Pelican* jav'lin flies : 185
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies :
Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd ; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword *Pelides* drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew. 190
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood ;
Repulsive of his might the weapon flood :

V. 187. *Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd,———*]

It was impossible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the strength of *Achilles*, than he has by this circumstance : His spear pierced so deep into the ground, that another hero of great strength could not disengage it by repeated efforts ; but immediately after, *Achilles* draws it with the utmost ease : How prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a spear half way into the earth, and then with a touch release it ?

The

The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain ;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain ;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.

195

Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies :
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead :

200

So ends thy glory ! Such the fate they prove
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of *Jove*.
Sprung from a River didst thou boast thy line,
But great *Saturnius* is the source of mine.

How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny ?

205

Of *Peleus*, *Æacus*, and *Jove*, am I ;

The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.

What rivers can, *Scamander* might have shown ;

But *Jove* he dreads, nor wars against his son.

210

Ev'n *Acheloüs* might contend in vain,

And all the roaring billows of the main.

Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow

The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,

The thund'ring voice of *Jove* abhors to hear,

215

And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said ; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.

The floating tides the bloody carcass lave,
 And beat against it, wave succeeding wave; 220
 'Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
 Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
 All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
 Th' amaz'd *Pæonians* scour along the plain:
 He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225
Thrasius, *Astypylus*, and *Mnesus* flew;
Mydon, *Therflocbus*, with *Ænius* fell;
 And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
 But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound. 230

O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
 In valour matchless, and in force divine!
 If *Jove* have giv'n thee ev'ry *Trojan* head,
 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
 See! my choak'd streams no more their course can keep, 235
 Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
 Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood:
 Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.

In human form confess'd before his eyes
 The river thus; and thus the Chief replies. 240
 O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
 But not 'till *Troy* the destin'd vengeance pay,
 Not 'till within her tow'rs the perjurd train
 Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;

Not

Not 'till proud: *Hector*, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see *Achilles* fall. 245

He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
The yellow Flood began: O son of *Jove*!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above 250
Full and express? that *Phœbus* should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of *Troy*,
And make her conquer, 'till *Hyperion's* fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay 255
Ploughs thro' the boiling surge his desp'rate way.
Then rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost. 260
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:

V. 263. *Now bursting on his head, &c.*] There is a great beauty in the verification of this whole passage in *Homer*. Some of the verses run hoarse, full and sonorous, like the torrent they describe; others by their broken cadences, and sudden stops, image the difficulty, labour and interruption of the hero's march against it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the rushing of the branches in the water, are all put into such words, that almost every letter corresponds in its sound, and echoes to the sense, of each particular.

His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide; 265
 His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide;
 Slid'ring, and flagg'ring. On the border flood
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
 He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
 The plant uprooted to his weight gave way, 270
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood across: The hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand, 275
 Leap'd from the chanel, and regain'd the land.
 Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
 The God pursues, a huger billow throws,

V. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood across*—] If we had no other account of the river *Xanabus* but this, it were alone sufficient to shew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here says that the elm stretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: The suddenness of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river.

V. 276. *Leap'd from the chanel.*] *Eustathius* recites a criticism on this verse; in the original the word *Αἶψα* signifies *Stagnant*, *Palmy*, a *standing water*; now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current*: To solve this, says that author, some have supposed that the tree which lay across the river stopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to spread as it were into a pool. Others, dissatisfied with this solution, think that a mistake is crept into the Text, and that instead of *ἐν Αἶψῃ*, should be inserted *ἐν Αἶμα*. But I do not see the necessity of having recourse to either of these solutions; for why may not the word *Αἶψα* signify here the *chanel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verse? And nothing being more common than to substitute a part for the whole, why may not the chanel be supposed to imply the whole river?

And

And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose Fury is the Fate of Troy. 280
 He, like the warlike eagle speeds his pace,
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' aerial race)
 Far as a spear can fly, *Achilles* springs
 At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side, 285
 And winds his course before the following tide;
 The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs, 290
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his bow'rs
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flow'rs;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,

V. 289. *So when a peasant to his garden brings, &c.*] This changing of the character is very beautiful: No poet ever knew, like *Homer*, to pass from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; such transitions, when properly made, give a singular pleasure, as when in musick a master passes from the rough to the tender. *Demetrius Phalerens*, who only praises this comparison for its clearness, has not sufficiently recommended its beauty and value. *Virgil* has transfer'd it into his first book of the *Georgicks*, v. 106.

*Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentes:
 Et cum exussus ager morientibus æstuet herbis,
 Ecce supercilio clivisq; tramitis undam
 Elicit: Illa cadens rancum per levis murmur
 Saxa cit, festobrisq; arenis temperat arva.*

Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills 295
 Louder and louder put the falling rills,
 Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wand'ring o'er the plains;

Still flies *Achilles*; but before his eyes
 Still swift *Scamander* rolls where-e'er he flies: 300
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
 Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
 So oft' the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread, 305
 Beat on his back, or bursts upon his head.

Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy foil; 310
 When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown)
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no God *Achilles* to befriend,
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh *Jove*! this ignominious date, 315
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.
 Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of *Thetis*, must her son complain;
 By *Phæbus*' darts she prophesy'd my fall,
 In glorious arms before the *Trojan* wall. 320

Oh!

Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battel warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might *Hector's* spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
 Ah no! *Achilles* meets a shameful fate, 325
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!

V. 321. *Oh had I dy'd in fields of battel warm! &c.*] Nothing is more agreeable than this with to the herosick character of *Achilles*: Glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. *Virgil* has made use of the same thought in the same circumstance, where *Aeneas* is in danger of being drowned, *Aen.* 1. v. 98.

——— *O terque quaterque beati,
 Quis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
 Contigit oppetera! O Danaum fortissimæ gentis
 Tydida, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
 Non potuisse? tuâque animam banc effundere dextra?*

Lucan in the fifth book of his *Pharsalia*, representing *Cæsar* in the same circumstance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundless thirst of glory, in his hero; when, after he has repined in the same manner with *Achilles*, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired;

——— *Licet ingentes abruptis actus
 Festinata dies fasis, sat magna peregi.
 Arctos domui gentes: Inimica subegi
 Arma manu: Vidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum.*

And only wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might still fear and expect him.

——— *Lacerum retinate cadaver
 Fluctibus in mediis; desint mihi busta, roqusque,
 Dum metuar semper, terræque expecter ab omni.*

Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase to the sea.

}

330

Neptune and *Pallas* haste to his relief,
 And thus in human form address the chief:
 The pow'r of Ocean first. Forbear thy fear,
 Oh son of *Peleus*! Lo thy Gods appear!
 Behold! from *Jove* descending to thy aid,
 Propitious *Neptune*, and the blue-ey'd maid.
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:

335

'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
 But thou, the counsel heav'n suggests, attend!
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
 'Till *Troy* receive her flying sons, 'till all
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
 And *Hector's* blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

340

345

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
 He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
 Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
 And turn'd up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
 High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
 He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.

Not

Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While *Pallas* fills him with immortal force. 355

With equal rage indignant *Xanthus* roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to *Simois*: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controuls a God:
Our bravest Heroes else shall quit the fight, 360
And *Iliou* tumble from her tow'ry height.

Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head. 365

Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs those arms shall lie, 370

That blaze so dreadful in each *Trojan* eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,
No *Greek* shall e'er his perish'd relicks grace, 375

No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.

Then

Then murmur'g from his beds, the fishes, he raves, 386

And a foam whitens on the purple waves:

At ev'ry step, before *Achilles* stood

The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.

Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: She saw, dismay'd,

She call'd aloud, and summon'd *Vulcan's* aid. 389

Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires!

Thy wasteful arm: Assemble all thy fires!

While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,

Rush the swift Eastern, and the Western wind:

These from old Ocean at my word shall blow, 390

Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,

Corfcs and arms to one bright ruin turn,

And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.

Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r;

Drink the whole flood, the crackling fires devour, 395

Scorch all the banks! and ('till our voice reclaim)

Exert th' unweari'd furies of the flame!

The Pow'r Ignipotent her word obeys:

Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;

At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil; 400

And the shrunk waters in their chanel boil:

As when autumnal *Boreas* sweeps the sky,

And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:

So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
 While *Vulcan* breath'd the fiery blast around, 405
 Swift on the sedge reeds the ruin preys;
 Along the margin winds the running blaze;
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
 The flow'ry *Lotos*, and the Tam'risk burn.
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire,
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death;
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry;
 Or gasping, turn their bellies to the sky, 415
 At length the river rear'd his languid head,
 And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:
 Oh *Vulcan*! oh! what pow'r resists thy might?
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—

V. 405. *While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.*] It is in the original, v. 355.

Ἡρώϊς τερψίπυρος ἀδάμνητος Ἡφαίστιος.

The epithet given to *Vulcan* in this verse (as well as in the 367th) Ἡρώϊς τερψίπυρος, has no sort of allusion to the action describ'd: For what has his wisdom or knowledge to do with burning up the river *Xanthus*? This is usual in our author, and much exclaimed against by his modern antagonists, whom Mr. *Boileau* very well answers. "It is not so strange in *Homer* to give those epithets to persons upon occasions which can have no reference to them; the same is frequent in modern languages, in which we call a man by the name of *Saint*, when we speak of any action of his that has not the least regard to his sanctity: As when we say, for example, that St. *Paul* held the garments of those who stoned St. *Stephen*."

I yield—Let *Iliou* fall; if Fate decree—— 420

Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;

The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.

As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,

To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice, 425

Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires

The waters foam, the heavy smোক aspires:

So boils the imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,

And choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.

To *Juno* then, imperial Queen of Air, 430

The burning River sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, *Saturnia*! must thy son engage

Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?

On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,

For mightier Gods assert the cause of *Troy*. 435

Submissive I desist, if thou command,

But ah! withdraw this all destroying hand.

V. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron rise.*] It is impossible to render literally such passages with any tolerable beauty. These ideas can never be made to shine in *English*; some particularities cannot be preserved; but the *Greek* language gives them lustre; the words are noble and musical.

ὦς δὲ λίβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπαιγόμενος περὶ πολλῶν,

Κρίσσει μολδόμενος ἀπαλοτριφτός σιάλοις,

Πάπποθιν ἀμβυλάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα καύκωνα κίτται.

All therefore that can be expected from a translator is to preserve the meaning of the simile, and embellish it with some words of affinity that carry nothing low in the sense or sound.

Hear

Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
 Unaided *Iliou*, and her destin'd state,
 'Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame, 440
 And in one ruin sink the *Trojan* name.

His warm intreaty touch'd *Saturnia's* ear :
 She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
 Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
 Infest a God : Th' obedient flame withdraws : 445
 Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While

W. 447. *And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the episode of the river-fight; and I must here lay before the reader my thoughts upon the whole of it : Which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true history. Nothing can give a better idea of Homer's manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plainest and simplest incidents noble and poetical, than to consider the whole passage in the common historical sense, which I suppose to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river *Xanthus* during the siege, which very much incommoded the Assailants : This gave occasion for the fiction of an engagement between *Achilles* and the River-God : *Xanthus* calling *Simois* to assist him, implies that these two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation : *Pallas* and *Neptune* relieve *Achilles* ; that is, *Pallas*, or the wisdom of *Achilles*, found some means to divert the waters, and turn them into the sea ; wherefore *Neptune*, the God of it, is seign'd to assist him. *Jupiter* and *Juno* (by which are understood the aerial regions) consent to aid *Achilles* ; that may signify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy season, which assuaged the waters, and dried the ground : And what makes this in a manner plain, is, that *Juno* (which signifies the air) promises to send the north and west winds to distress the river. *Xanthus* being consumed by *Vulcan*, that is, dried up with heat, prays to *Juno* to relieve him : What is this, but that the drought having drunk up his streams, he has recourse to the air for rains to re-supply his current ? Or, perhaps the whole may signify no more, than that *Achilles*, being on the farther side of the river, plunged himself in to pursue the enemy ; that in this adventure he run the risk of being drowned ;

While these by *Juno's* will the strife resign,
 The warring Gods in fierce contention join :
 Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms ; 450
 With horrid clangor 'thock'd th' æthereal arms :
 Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes. 455

that to save himself he laid hold on a fallen tree, which served to keep him a-float ; that he was still carried down the stream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expressed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the sea [*Neptune*] he found means by his prudence [*Pallas*] to save himself from his danger.

If the reader still should think, the fiction of rivers speaking and fighting is too bold; the objection will vanish by considering how much the heathen mythology authorizes the representation of rivers as persons: Nay, even in old historians nothing is more common than stories of rapes committed by River-Gods ; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the same nature so well known, as the engagement between *Hercules* and the river *Achelous*.

V. 454. *Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes.*

I was at a loss for the reason why *Jupiter* is said to smile at the discord of the Gods, till I found it in *Eusebius* ; *Jupiter*, says he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleased with the war of the Gods, that is, of earth, sea, and air, &c. because the harmony of all beings arises from that discord : Thus earth is opposite to water, air to earth, and water to them all ; and yet from this opposition arises that discordant concord by which all nature subsists. Thus heat and cold, moist and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that *Jupiter*, who according to the *Greeks* is the soul of all, may well be said to smile at this contention.

The

The pow'r of battels lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War.

What mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantick mood 460

Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God;
Thy impious hand *Tydidæ's* jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-responding shield,
Which bears *Jove's* thunder on its dreadful field; 465
The adamant *Ægis* of her Sire,

That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.

Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand;

A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,

There

V. 456. *The power of battels, &c.*] The combate of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical: Justice and Wisdom demanded that an end should be put to this terrible war: The God of war opposes this, but is worsted. *Eustatbius* says that this holds forth the opposition of rage and wisdom; and no sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, as *Venus* succours *Mars*. The poet seems farther to insinuate, that Reason when it resists a temptation vigorously, easily overcomes it: So it is with the utmost facility, that *Pallas* conquers both *Mars* and *Venus*. He adds, that *Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him: this shews us, that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it.

V. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, &c.*]

The poet has described many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing stones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he rises in his image: He is describing a goddess, and has found a way

There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast: 476

This, at the heav'nly homicide the cast,

Thund'ring he falls; a mass of monstrous size,

And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;

Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound: 475

The scornful Dame her conquest views with smiles,

And glorying thus, the prostrate God reviles.

Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known

How far *Miserva's* force transcends thy own?

way to make that action excel all human strength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this passage in his twelfth book, and applied it to *Turnus*; but I can't help thinking that the action in a mortal is somewhat extravagantly imagined: What principally renders it so, is an addition of two lines to this simile which he borrows from another part of *Homer*, only with this difference, that whereas *Homer* says no two men could raise such a stone, *Virgil* extends it to twelve.

———*Saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum, antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneres arvis.*

{There is a beauty in the repetition of *saxum ingens*, in the second line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leisure to consider the vastness of the stone:) The other two lines are as follow;

*Vix illud, lecti bis sen cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*

May I be allowed to think too, they are not so well introduced in *Virgil*? For it is just after *Turnus* is described as weaken'd and oppress'd with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and *Turnus*, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than a hero in an epic poem.

Juno,

BOOK XXI. HOMER'S ILIAD.

217

Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,

480

Corrects thy folly thus by *Pallas'* hand ;

Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,

And partial aid to *Troy's* perfidious race.

The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,

That beaming round, diffus'd celestial day.

485

Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,

Lent to the wounded God her tender hand :

Slowly he rises, scarcely breaths with pain,

And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.

This the bright Empress of the heav'ns survey'd,

490

And scoffing, thus, to War's victorious maid.

Lo ! what an aid on *Mars's* side is seen !

The *Smiles* and *Loves* unconquerable Queen !

Mark with what insolence, in open view,

She moves : Let *Pallas*, if she dares, pursue.

495

Minerva smiling heard, the pair oe'rtook,

And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :

She, unresisting, fell ; (her spirits fled)

On earth together lay the lovers spread.

And like these heroes, be the fate of all

500

(*Minerva* cries) who guard the *Trojan* wall !

To *Grecian* Gods such let the *Phrygian* be,

So dread, so fierce, as *Venus* is to me ;

Then from the lowest stone shall *Troy* be mov'd—

Thus she, and *Jane* with a smile approv'd.

505

VOL V.

K

Meantime,

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.

V. 507. *The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.*] The interview between *Neptune* and *Apollo* is very judiciously in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a conclusion; the *Trojans* are to be punished for their perjury and violence: *Homer* accordingly with a poetical justice sums up the evidence against them, and represents the very founder of *Troy* as an injurious person. There have been several references to this story since the beginning of the poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be fresh upon the memory, and shew, the *Trojans* deserve the punishment they are going to suffer.

Eustathius gives the reason why *Apollo* assists the *Trojans*, tho' he had been equally with *Neptune* affronted by *Laomedon*: This proceeded from the honours which *Apollo* received from the posterity of *Laomedon*; *Troy* paid him no less worship than *Cilla*, or *Tenedos*; and by these means won him over to a forgiveness: But *Neptune* still was slighted, and consequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The same author gives us various opinions why *Neptune* is said to have built the *Trojan* wall, and to have been defrauded of his Wages: Some say that *Laomedon* sacrilegiously took away the treasures out of the temples of *Apollo* and *Neptune*, to carry on the fortifications; from whence it was fabled that *Neptune* and *Apollo* built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to *Apollo* and *Neptune*; and that *Laomedon* detained them: so that he might in some sense be said to defraud the deities themselves, by withholding what was dedicated to their temples.

The reason why *Apollo* is said to have kept the herds of *Laomedon*, is not so clear. *Eustathius* observes that all plagues first seize upon the four-footed creation, and are supposed to arise from this deity: Thus *Apollo* in the first book sends the plague into the *Grecian* army; the ancients therefore made him to preside over cattle, that by preserving them from the plague, mankind might be safe from infectious diseases. Others tell us, that this employment is ascribed to *Apollo*, because he signifies the sun: Now the sun cloaths the pastures with grass and herbs; so that *Apollo* may be said himself to feed the cattle, by supplying them with food. Upon either of these accounts *Laomedon* may be said to be ungrateful to that deity, for raising no temple to his honour.

It is observable that *Homer*, in this story, ascribes the building of the wall to *Neptune* only: I should conjecture the reason might be, that *Troy* being a sea-port town, the chief strength of it depended upon its situation, so that the sea was in a manner a wall to it: Upon this account *Neptune* may not improbably be said to have built the wall,

What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the sound?
Shall ignominious we with shame retire, 510

No deed perform'd, to our *Olympian* Sire?

Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my Greatness, or Superior age.

Rash as thou art to prop the *Trojan* throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)

515 }

And guard the race of proud *Laomedon*!

Hast thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?

Troy walls I rais'd (for such were *Jove's* commands)

And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands: 520

Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves

Along fair *Ida's* vales, and pendent groves.

But when the circling seasons in their train

Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;

With menace stern the fraudulent King defy'd 525

Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,

And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.

Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,

And destin'd vengeance on the perjurd King. 530

Dost thou, for this, afford proud *Ilion* grace,

And not like us, infest the faithless race?

Like us, their present, future sons destroy,

And from its deep foundations heave their *Troy*?

Apollo thus : To combat for mankind 535
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind :
 For what is man ? Calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth ;
 Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
 Smile on the sun ; now, wither on the ground : 540
 To their own hands commit the frantick scene,
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.
 Then turns his face, far beaming heav'ly fires,
 And from the Senior Pow'r submits retires ;
 Him, thus retreating, *Artemis* upbraids, 545
 The quiver'd huntress of the *Sylvan* shades.
 And is it thus the youthful *Phæbus* flies,
 And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize ?
 How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
 Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow ! 550
 Now boast no more in yon' celestial bow'r,
 Thy force can match the great Earth-shaking Pow'r.

V. 537. *For what is man ? &c.*] The poet is very happy in interspersing his poem with moral sentences ; in this place he steals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. " Shall I (says *Apollo*) contend with thee for the sake of man ? man, who is no more than a leaf of a tree, now green and flourishing, but soon wither'd away and gone ? " The son of *Sirach* has an expression which very much resembles this, *Eccles.* xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, some fall, and some grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

V. 544. *And from the Senior Pow'r, submits retires.*] Two things hinder *Homer* from making *Neptune* and *Apollo* fight. First, because having already described the fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing farther to say here, for it is the same conflict between humidity and dryness. Secondly, *Apollo* being the same with *Destiny*, and the ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. *Dacier.*

Silent,

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid :
 Not so *Saturnia* bore the vaunting maid ;
 But furious thus. What insolence has driv'n 555
 Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n ?
 What tho' by *Jove* the female plague design'd,
 Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
 The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart ;
 Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart ? 560
 What tho' tremendous in the woodland chase,
 Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race ?
 How dares thy rashness on the pow'rs divine
 Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine ?
 Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—— 565
 She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage ;
 These

V. 557. *The female plague——*

Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind, &c.]

The words in the original are, *Tho' Jupiter has made you a lion to women*. The meaning of this is, that *Diana* was terrible to that sex, as being the same with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of childbirth : Or else that the ancients attributed all sudden deaths of women to the darts of *Diana*, as of men to those of *Apollo* : which opinion is frequently alluded to in *Homer*. *Eustatbius*.

V. 566. *She said, and seiz'd her wrists, &c.*] I must confess I am at a loss how to justify *Homer* in every point of these combats with the Gods : When *Diana* and *Juno* are to fight, *Juno* calls her an impudent bitch, *καὶνὴν ἀδελφὴν* : When they fight, she boxes her soundly, and sends her crying and trembling to heaven : As soon as she comes thither, *Jupiter* falls a laughing at her : Indeed the rest of the deities seem to be in a merry vein during all the action : *Pallas* beats *Mars* and laughs at him ; *Jupiter* sees them in the same merry mood : *Juno* when she had cuff'd *Diana* is not more serious : In short, unless there be some depths that I am not able to fathom, *Homer* never better deserved than in this place the censure cast upon him by the ancients, that as he raised the characters of his men up to Gods, so he sunk those of Gods down to men.

K 3

Yet

These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
 The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.
 About her temples flies the busy bow ;
 Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow ; 570
 The scatt'ring arrows rattling from the case,
 Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
 Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
 And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes :
 So, when the falcon wings her way above, 575
 To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
 (Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
 Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her, *Latona* hastes with tender care ;
 Whom *Hermes* viewing, thus declines the war. 580
 How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
 To him whose thunders blacken heav'n with night ?
 Go matchless Goddess ! triumph in the skies,
 And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke ; and past : *Latona*, stooping low, 585
 Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,

Yet I think it but reasonable to conclude, from the very absurdity of all this, (supposing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there must therefore certainly be some. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obscure for us to find out : The remoteness of our times must necessarily darken yet more and more such things as were mysteries at first. Not that it is at all impossible, notwithstanding their present darkness, but they might then have been very obvious ; as it is certain, Allegories ought to be disguised, but not obscured : An allegory should be like a veil over a beautiful face, so fine and transparent, as to shew the very charms it covers.

V. 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.* It is impossible that *Mercury* should encounter *Latona* : Such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and she representing the night ; for the the planets owe all their lustre to the shades of the night, and then only become visible to the world, *Eusebius*.

That

That glitt'ring on the dust; lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relicks of *Diana's* war.

Then swift pursu'd her to her blest abode,
Where, all confus'd, she fought the Sov'reign God; 598
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: The ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire, superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abash'd, she names his own Imperial spouse; 599
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: While swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters *Ilion's* sacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the *Greeks*, tho' Fate forbade her fall. 600

Back to *Olympus*, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' æthereal Sire:

Thro' blood, thro' death, *Achilles* still protects, 603
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling floods,
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.

The

V. 603. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.*]

This passage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable. First, by taking this fire for a real fire, sent from heaven to punish a criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we find that *Homer* had a notion of this great truth, that God sometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this signal and terrible manner: Or if we take it in the other sense, simply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who assault it, and only expressed thus by the author in the same manner as *Jeremy* makes the city of *Jerusalem*

The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
 And the red vapours purple all the sky. 610
 So rag'd *Achilles*: Death and dire dismay,
 And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary *Priam* stands,
 And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
 Views, from his arm the *Trojans* scatter'd flight, 615
 And the near hero rising on his fight!
 No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
 And settled sorrow on his aged face,
 Fast as he could, he fighting quits the walls;
 And thus, descending, on the guards he calls. 620

salem say, when the *Chaldeans* burnt the temple; *The Lord from above hath sent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13. Yet still this much will appear understood by *Homer*, that the fire which is cast into a city comes not, properly speaking from men, but from God, who delivers it up to their fury. *Dacier*.

V. 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam, &c.*] The poet still raises the idea of the courage and strength of his hero, by making *Priam* in a terror that he should enter the town after the routed troops: For if he had not surpassed all mortals, what could have been more desirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then destroyed him?

Here again there was need of another machine to hinder him from entering the city; for *Achilles* being vastly speedier than those he pursued, he must necessarily overtake some of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmost. The story of *Agenor* is therefore admirably contrived, and *Apollo* (who was to take care that the fatal decrees should be punctually executed) interposes both to save *Agenor* and *Troy*; for *Achilles* might have killed *Agenor*, and still entered with the troops, if *Apollo* had not diverted him by the pursuit of that phantom. *Agenor* opposed himself to *Achilles* only because he could not do better; for he sees himself reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriously to perish among the fugitives, or hide himself in the forest; both which were equally unsafe: Therefore he is purposely inspired with a generous resolution to try to save his countrymen, and as a reward of that service, is at last saved himself.

You

You to whose care our city gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and Desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath 625
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.

Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: Wide were flung
The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung.
Phæbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
Strook slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat. 630
On heaps the *Trojans* croud to gain the gate,
And gladsome see the last escape from Fate:
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 635
With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd *Achilles* follows with his spear;
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the *Greeks* eternal praise acquir'd,
And *Troy* inglorious to her walls retir'd; 640
But a he, the God who darts æthereal flame, *Apollo*,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young *Agenor* force divine he gave,
(*Antenor's* offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
In aid of him, beside the beech he fate, 645
And wrapt, in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the gen'rous youth *Achilles* spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,
(So, e'er a storm, the waters heave and roll)
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul. 650

What,

What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain?
 Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
 Yon' line of slaughter'd *Trojans* lately trod.
 No: with the common heap I scorn to fall— 655
 What if they pass'd me to the *Trojan* wall,
 While I decline to yonder path, that leads
 To *Ida*'s forests and surrounding shades?
 So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
 From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood, 660
 As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
 Return in safety to my *Trojan* friends,
 What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
 Ev'n now perhaps, e'er yet I turn the wall, 665
 The fierce *Achilles* sees me, and I fall:
 Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
 And such his valour, that who stands must die.
 Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
 Here, and in publick view, to meet my fate. 670
 Yet sure He too is mortal; He may feel
 (Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
 One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
 And *Jove*'s sole favour gives him all his fame.

V. 651. *What, shall I fly? &c.*] This is a very beautiful soliloquy of *Agenor*, such a one as would naturally arise in the soul of a brave man, going upon a desperate enterprize: He weighs every thing in the balance of reason; he sets before himself the baseness of flight, and the courage of his enemy, 'till at last the thirst of glory preponderates all other considerations. From the conclusion of this speech it is evident, that the story of *Achilles*'s being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages; for had he been so, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. *Eustatbius*.

He

He said, and stood, collected in his might ; 675
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.

So from some deep-grown wood the panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts :

Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds,
Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds ; 680

Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd jav'lin stings his breast in vain :

On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies ;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.

Not less resolv'd, *Antenor's* valiant heir 685
Confronts *Achilles*, and awaits the war,

Disdainful of retreat : High-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore ;

Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus bespoke the foe. 690

How proud *Achilles* glories in his fame !

And hopes this day to sink the *Trojan* name

Beneath her ruins ! Know, that hope is vain ;

A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.

Parents and children our just arms employ, 695

And strong, and many, are the sons of *Troy*.

Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore

These *Phrygian* fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said : With matchless force the jav'lin flung

Smote on his knee ; the hollow cuishes rung 700

Beneath the pointed steel ; but safe from harms

He stands impassive in the æthereal arms.

Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,

His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow.

But jealous of his fame *Apollo* shrouds 705

The godlike *Trojan* in a veil of clouds :

Safe

Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
 Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
 Meanwhile the Gods, to cover their escape,
 Assumes *Agenor's* habit, voice, and shape, 710
 Flies from the furious chief in this disguise,
 The furious chief still follows where he flies:
 Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
 Now urge the course where swift *Scamander* glides:
 The God now distant scarce a stride before, 715
 Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore:
 While all the flying troops their speed employ,
 And pour on heaps into the walls of *Troy*,
 No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
 Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battel fell. 720
 'Twas tumult all, and violence of fights;
 And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
 Pale *Troy* against *Achilles* shuts her gate;
 And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.



V. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape, &c.*] The Poet makes a double use of this fiction of *Apollo's* deceiving *Achilles* in the shape of *Agenor*; by these means he draws him from the pursuit, and gives the *Trojans* time to enter the city, and at the same time brings *Agenor* handsomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that Destiny would not yet suffer *Troy* to fall.

Eusebius fancies that the occasion of the fiction might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles* to the banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himself from the pursuer behind some covert that grew on the shores; this perhaps might be the whole of the story. So plain a narration would have passed in the mouth of an historian, but the Poet dresses it in fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* (or Destiny) concealed him in a cloud from the sight of his enemy.

The same author farther observes, that *Achilles* by an unseasonable piece of vain-glory, in pursuing a single enemy, gives time to a whole army to escape: he neither kills *Agenor* nor overtakes the *Trojans*.

The END of VOL. V.

2. Book

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